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MONTHLY

OCTOBER 1954


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OCTOBER, 1934



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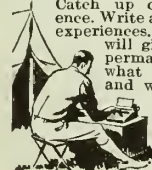


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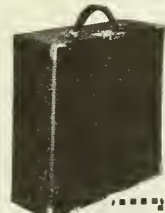
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# DO WAR STORIES GROW?

by  
Dan Edwards

*Illustration by  
Will Graven*

A WEARER of America's Most  
Prized Decoration for Valor,  
the Congressional Medal of Honor,  
Presents Some Conclusions That Will  
Astonish the Average Civilian

I'VE heard the old wheeze, times no end, about a war story growing each time it is retold. And I've heard it intimated a thousand times that when veterans get together the stories they tell each other wouldn't bear repeating in mixed company, much less stand being printed. Likewise the charge that a story must be false simply because it has been told by another man previously.

My study of more than three thousand war stories that I have collected among veterans during the last sixteen years does not bear out these charges. I don't mean to claim that veterans don't varnish their experiences from time to time—I have done it deliberately ever since the Armistice. Others have done it too, perhaps unconsciously. I will treat of this proclivity in due course. First I want to deal with the charges alluded to in the first paragraph.

War stories, far from growing, are actually being pruned down considerably. I have an excellent gauge with which to measure this fact. Some few years ago The American Legion Monthly conducted a contest for prize war experiences—"Big Moments." I have a set of the issues in which these appeared. Now a great number of (Continued on page 55)



He said he killed  
sixty of the  
enemy and cap-  
tured forty





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OCTOBER, 1934



# TOMORROW BELONGS *to* US

*By Warren H. Stutler*

*Captain, Sons of The American Legion Squadron, John Brawley Post,  
Charleston, West Virginia*

**A** PIONEER leader of the Sons of The American Legion takes stock of the activities, aims and ideals of his organization and finds more than play and parades

**M**Y INTEREST in a permanent organization to be composed of the sons of the men who made up the membership of The American Legion was first aroused at the National Convention at San Antonio in 1928. The sons of the soldiers of 1917 and 1918 were, at that time, growing into an age when pride of service of the father was beginning to make itself felt and the boys were looking forward to a peacetime work side by side with the Legion.

At the San Antonio convention the urge became so strong that a committee was appointed to make a survey of the possibilities of the formation of such an organization. My father was at that time the Department Adjutant of West Virginia. Thus I was early introduced to the business side of the Legion. Much of my time when not in school was spent in the Adjutant's office. I read the Monthly and the various department publications, including all the humorous stories and wisecracks. Perhaps it was this association that gave me an intense desire to take an active part in an organization affiliated with The American Legion.

San Antonio was my first National Convention. Since that memorable meeting I have attended four others—Louisville, where a report of the committee appointed at San Antonio was heard and the survey continued; Boston, where no action was taken, and Detroit, where definite convention action was deferred until the convention at Portland, and last year's at Chicago. The organization of the Sons was not done in a day or a year; it was made the subject of long study and consideration before it came into being.

The convention at Portland, Oregon, in 1932—the only one I



have missed since becoming a conventioneer—approved the report of the committee on organization, and continued the committee for the purpose of preparing a constitution and by-laws by which the Sons were to be governed. The long hoped-for event had occurred. My father, who was in attendance, wired me immediately upon the adoption of the report that the Sons of The American Legion had been authorized.

A group of boys, whose interest was as deep and as sincere as my own, was brought together and application was made for a temporary charter with fifteen charter members. In a very short while the membership had been increased to forty. The first meeting was held in my home with all the members present and officers were elected for the year. I was selected as Captain of the Squadron—the first one in the State of West Virginia.

In the organization our Squadron was divided into squads of ten, commanded by a sergeant and a corporal. This division was made for convenience in case of emergency. When need came for an immediate mobiliza-

tion for any purpose, or for called meetings of the squadron, the captain issued the call to the sergeants, who in turn notified each member of their squads. This plan has proved a very efficient one in getting the members out to drill and for participation in the celebrations of Armistice Day and Memorial Day. The patriotic observances have a special appeal to the young Americans and nearly every member of the squadron answers "Here" when the roll is called to turn out.

Our home is in a small city, one not so large that mobilization is a difficult thing. Again, the members of the squadron, for the most part, have many interests in common—they have been brought together in school, in the Boy Scouts, and in many other activities. All this makes their association in the squadron more desirable and their work easier.

Among the most important projects which our squadron has undertaken is the organization of a drum and bugle corps. The corps of our parent post, John Brawley Post, gave us the use of sixteen bugles. We had rubber covered (Continued on page 60)



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# FEMMES *and* FRANCS

*Illustrations by  
V. E. Pyles*

*NOTHING Ever Happened in the  
Little Norman Hill Village of  
St. Antoine Until, in a Placid Peace-  
time Spring, a Murderer Struck Twice*

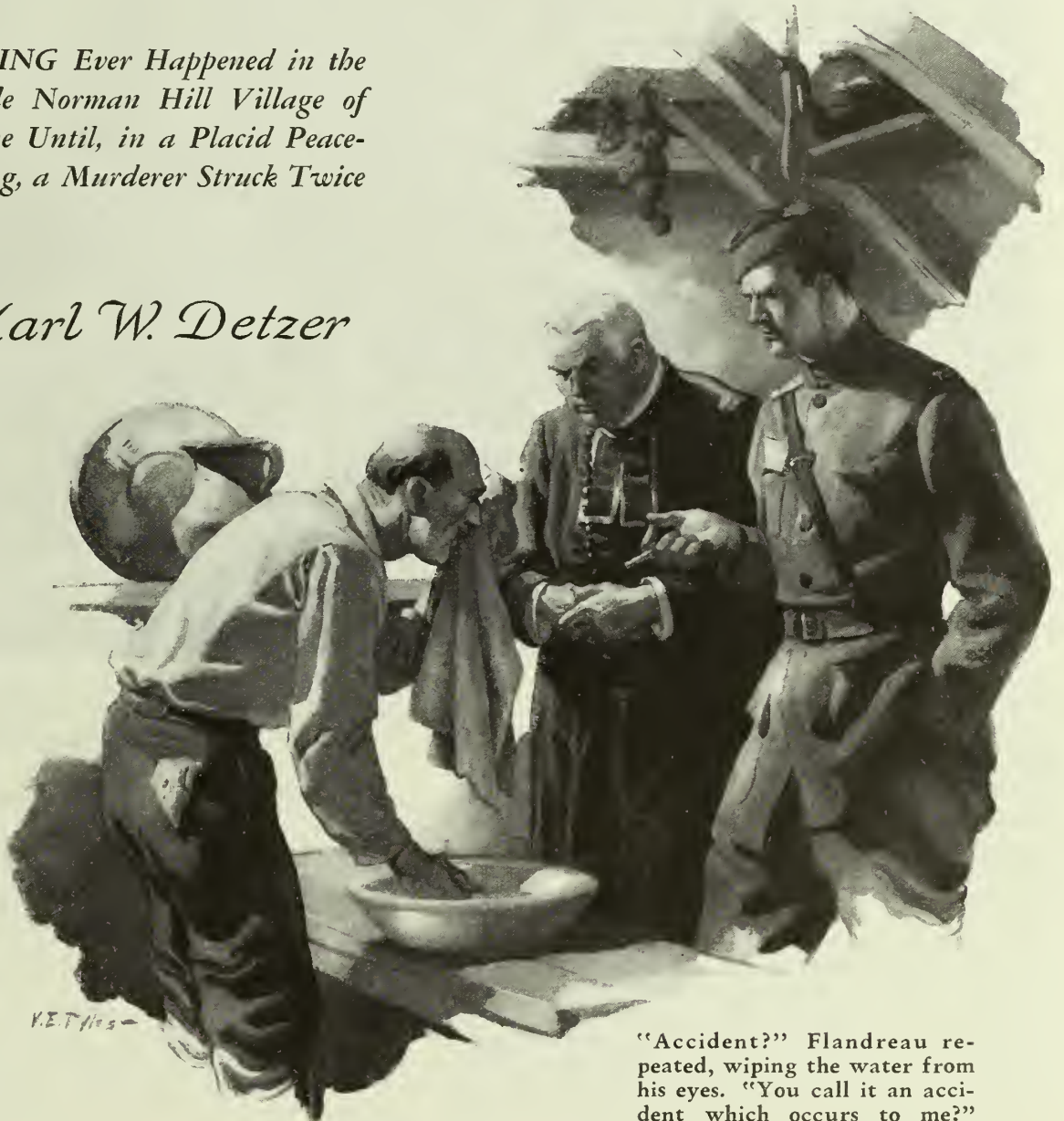
*By Karl W. Detzer*

## PART I

THE village of St. Antoine clings to the side of a dwarf, hunch-backed mountain in that wild and thinly peopled country which marks the southern boundary of Normandy. Thirty kilometers to the north of it the apple orchards begin, and drop down pleasant slopes to the Channel; and a dozen kilos in the other direction the valley of the Sarthe emerges timidly from the woods, and discovering the sunshine, sweeps southward, rich with grain fields and vineyards, to the Loire.

But on the rugged heights where St. Antoine crouches against its sheer hillside, dark forests spread over the rocky uplands; there are deep chasms which echo to the sound of thin high waterfalls, and according to local tradition, wolves still run the ridges. St. Antoine is by no means a cheerful village; no one in his right mind would live in it by choice. It is dull, isolated, poor, unexciting.

On the other hand, its very drabness unfits it for the role it



"Accident?" Flandreau repeated, wiping the water from his eyes. "You call it an accident which occurs to me?"

played in early March, 1919. It is not the kind of town where one expects to find murder on the doorstep . . . particularly a murder involving half a dozen Americans. Yet in that March night, murder was done there, not once, but twice, and might have occurred a third time . . . who knows?

From the village street of St. Antoine, in front of its single inn, one can see several miles up and down a deep, narrow valley, which like all the surrounding countryside is thickly wooded, with naked rock cropping out here and there like scars on the



opposite hills. Eastward from the town, a distance of several kilometers, yet plainly visible, the Château Pourquoi sits like a dowdy old woman on a precipice. It is a very ancient castle, and from across the valley when the evening light is thin, it might even be mistaken for a heap of rocks.

The owner of the castle in 1919 was that famous Monsieur Guillaume Flandreau who six years earlier had bested the all-time record of Prince Surat, by being sued by eleven tailors at once. Flandreau used to spend his summers at the castle. He gave great hunting and fishing parties there, and villagers would troop to the door with poultry and butter and eggs to sell at ridiculously high prices, for which they received their money, even if the tailors did not.

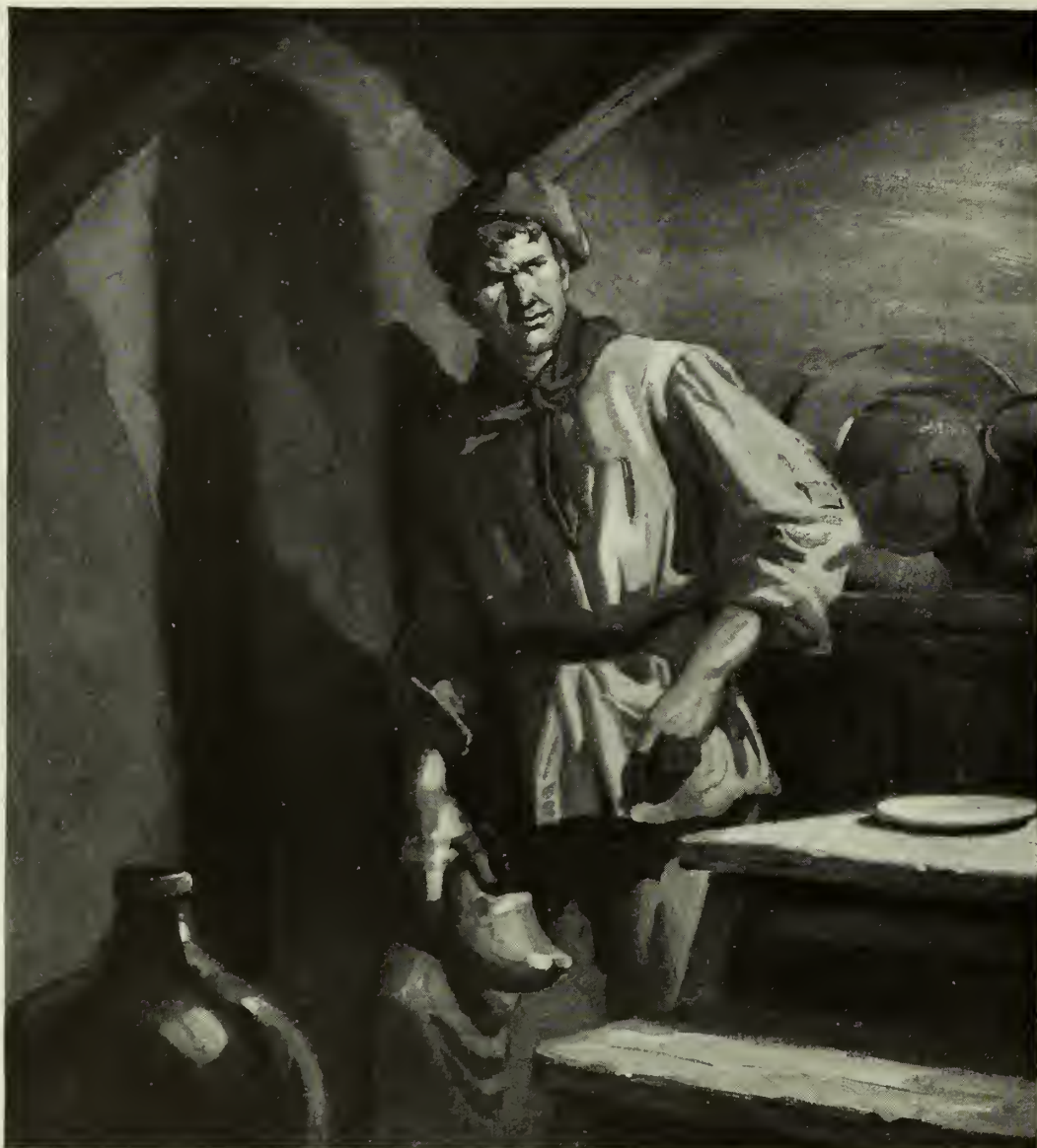
But in 1914, when the war put an end to leisure, Flandreau sealed the doors and windows of the castle, put a double chain across the gateposts, stuck the key into his pocket, bade goodbye to no one . . . not even m'sieur le curé . . . and disappeared. And before his car was half way down the hill, villagers were whispering the gossip that deep in the castle, hidden in some thick wall, the Flandreau fortune in gold and silver and jewels was safely put away. At any rate, the story ran, M. Flandreau had turned over to the government a surprisingly small amount of treasure when it called upon him and all the rest of France for nobility and sacrifice.

Now, on the first day of March, 1919, he returned, unannounced, to St. Antoine, put up at the village inn, and late in the afternoon set out afoot and alone for his castle on the opposite hill. The citizens of St. Antoine, knowing that whatever errand took him there was none of their affair right now, and that some way or other they would learn it later, merely shrugged their shoulders, clucked their tongues, and prepared for dinner.

But at eight o'clock, when he came back to the village, staggering through the darkness with a long deep wound in his forehead and knees wobbling from loss of blood, even the priest, sitting at ease in his own living room, heard the news within three minutes.

The good curé did not care particularly for Monsieur Flandreau. He thought him stingy, and could mention the Easter collection to prove it. But he had a good heart; either that, or a nose for news, for he picked up his long black skirts and ran, panting, to the Hôtel de France. He pushed aside old Madame Banc, the fat proprietor, who tried to bar the door, and once in the presence of Flandreau, who was bending over a basin of water in the kitchen, began to inquire into the particulars.

"Accident?" Flandreau repeated, wiping the water from his eyes. "Accident, you say?" Flandreau felt his head and for a moment appeared puzzled. Then he called angrily for fresh water and clean towels. That done, he repeated: "You call it an



**As Sullivan approached, he noticed that Pierre had taken off one wooden shoe and was holding it firmly by its heel, like a club**

accident which occurs to me? Why, yes, I am climbing over those rocks, and . . ." his voice dwindled off.

He had happened just at that point to look past the priest's small, plump shoulder toward the doorway where Captain John Wheat was standing. The captain had been sitting in front of the priest's fire ten minutes before, his Sam Browne belt unbuckled for comfort, enjoying a small apple brandy in preparation for dinner. When the priest ran, Captain Wheat gulped his drink and followed.

Wheat was a big man, terse of speech, with a melancholy twist to his mouth and a pair of very light blue unsympathetic eyes. Perhaps it was the expression of those eyes which set off the sudden rage in Flandreau, for he pointed accusingly at Wheat and shouted: "Who's that?" Then, without awaiting an answer, he continued: "It was one of you vaches assailed me! Oui! In the doorway of my own castle!"

"Cow?" Wheat translated. "Assailed you?"

"A most foul assassin!" Flandreau cried. "Out of the darkness like a panther! He struck most villainously!"

"Well, well!" Captain Wheat exclaimed, his voice warmer than his gaze. "An American soldier? Are you sure, m'sieur? Well, well! What did he look like?"

"Like all the wild creatures from America! Big! Like a church! Savage! Ugly!"

"Well, well!" Wheat repeated. "Now you tell us about it."





Here was something to break the monotony! An attack on a French château owner, Americans involved, and his own command the only American troops in a day's march! Wheat found a chair, and uninvited by Flandreau, drew it forward and sat down.

"Assassin!" he repeated.

Interesting word! And "assail"! Sounded like combat. Somewhere over here there had been a war recently where maybe men talked like that . . . but not anywhere near St. Antoine!

In St. Antoine one talked about the weather and board feet of lumber and Joseph Caillaux, who came from these hills, too.

Eighteen months before this, Captain Wheat had enlisted, in Seattle, leaving a good job with a lumber company. He had gone to the first officers' training camp, and there had learned to lunge, thrust and parry a bayonet, to squeeze a trigger like a lemon, to recite the tactical errors at the Battle of Gettysburg and point out how much better the general staff would operate today, and to hold his fingers straight and his forearm at a forty-five degree angle in right hand salute. Then he came on to France to get the Kaiser.

Instead of getting him or getting anywhere near any enemy, Captain John Wheat immediately upon his arrival had been sent to command a small

American forestry unit in Normandy, three hundred kilos from the nearest battle sector, and had been here ever since. For a year now he had worn out his boots climbing up and down gritty hills, cutting trees and hauling them to small portable American mills, where they were sawed into rough lumber to make barracks at Pontanezen, quartermaster warehouses at Tours, and garages at Romorantin.

His camp lay on the ridge opposite St. Antoine, not a mile from the village as a shell flies, but four rutted, uncomfortable miles by a cart road. So isolated was his position that he celebrated the Armistice on the afternoon of November 13th, as soon as someone remembered to send the news through to the camp. His command consisted of two hundred Americans, many of them of Finnish and Swedish extraction, and he had only one officer to assist him. This was Second Lieutenant William Munn, who had been assigned here primarily because it was so far from the fighting lines. Not that there was anything wrong with

Munn. He was just one of those officers who never were sure enough of themselves to give a command without hesitating.

"This American who hit you . . . did he . . ." Wheat began, but Flandreau shook his head angrily.

"It is nothing,

## ★ IN THIS ISSUE ★

A SPECIAL EIGHT-PAGE SECTION  
OF FEDERAL RIGHTS AND BENEFITS  
TO WHICH THE WORLD WAR VETERAN  
AND HIS DEPENDENTS ARE ENTITLED



m'sieur!" he insisted. "Nothing, I assure you! Do not trouble to think again of it."

Wheat replied: "But I've got to think of it. I have the only American troops in thirty miles. If an American hit you, it was one of my men. I'll call the police. . . ."

"I pray you!" Flandreau begged. "It is no affair of the police!"

The captain grunted. What had come over this fellow, anyhow? One minute yelling about American cows, the next minute pleading not to have the police look into the case. Something funny here, to be sure. Wheat felt his responsibility. He arose quietly, passed through the main room of the inn to the private dining room, and spun the crank on the long wall telephone. In a moment he had the American headquarters in Alençon.

"Send someone to St. Antoine camp at once," he said. "One of your investigators. I'll wait for him."

He hung up the receiver and returned to the kitchen where Flandreau was still bathing his wound.

CORPORAL JOHN SULLIVAN, Division of Criminal Investigation, left his outpost in the city of Alençon at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, driving a small official olive drab car. The night was dark, with low cloud masses which seemed to sit on the tops of the hills. It was five minutes past nine when he left the main highway at Domfront; ten minutes later he got down at a cross-road and turned his electric flashlight on an iron corner sign, one arrow of which indicated that the village of St. Antoine lay nine kilometers to the east. This road was narrow, winding and rutted with the deep tracks of two-wheeled Norman carts. Sullivan drove more slowly.

He was singing as he bounced along. His voice, slightly off key, was in the middle of a ditty about "the stockyards three mile . . . s south of town," when it halted abruptly as the car swung a sharp bend. A roadside sign pointed to the left, with the words "FORESTRY UNIT 354, AEF."

Sullivan turned into a clearing and pressed down on the brake. His headlights, under the tree branches, picked out a pair of long low wooden barracks. Between them and the road stood a pyramidal tent marked "Orderly room," with a stovepipe at its peak and its sides boarded, and near it, a low tar-paper building with a padlock as big as a mess-pan on its door.

As he turned off his engine a great barking commenced and half a dozen dogs ran toward him, scolding and wagging their tails. He got out carefully, kicked at the nearest dog, and started toward the tent. Its door opened and a long lean soldier stood in silhouette against the lamplight.

"Who the hell're you?" he demanded.

"General Pershing, lookin' for a handout," Sullivan answered. "Got an officer named Wheat around here?"

The soldier, who wore sergeant's stripes, still held open the tent door. Sullivan walked in.

"Captain's name is Wheat," the sergeant told him. "What you want?"

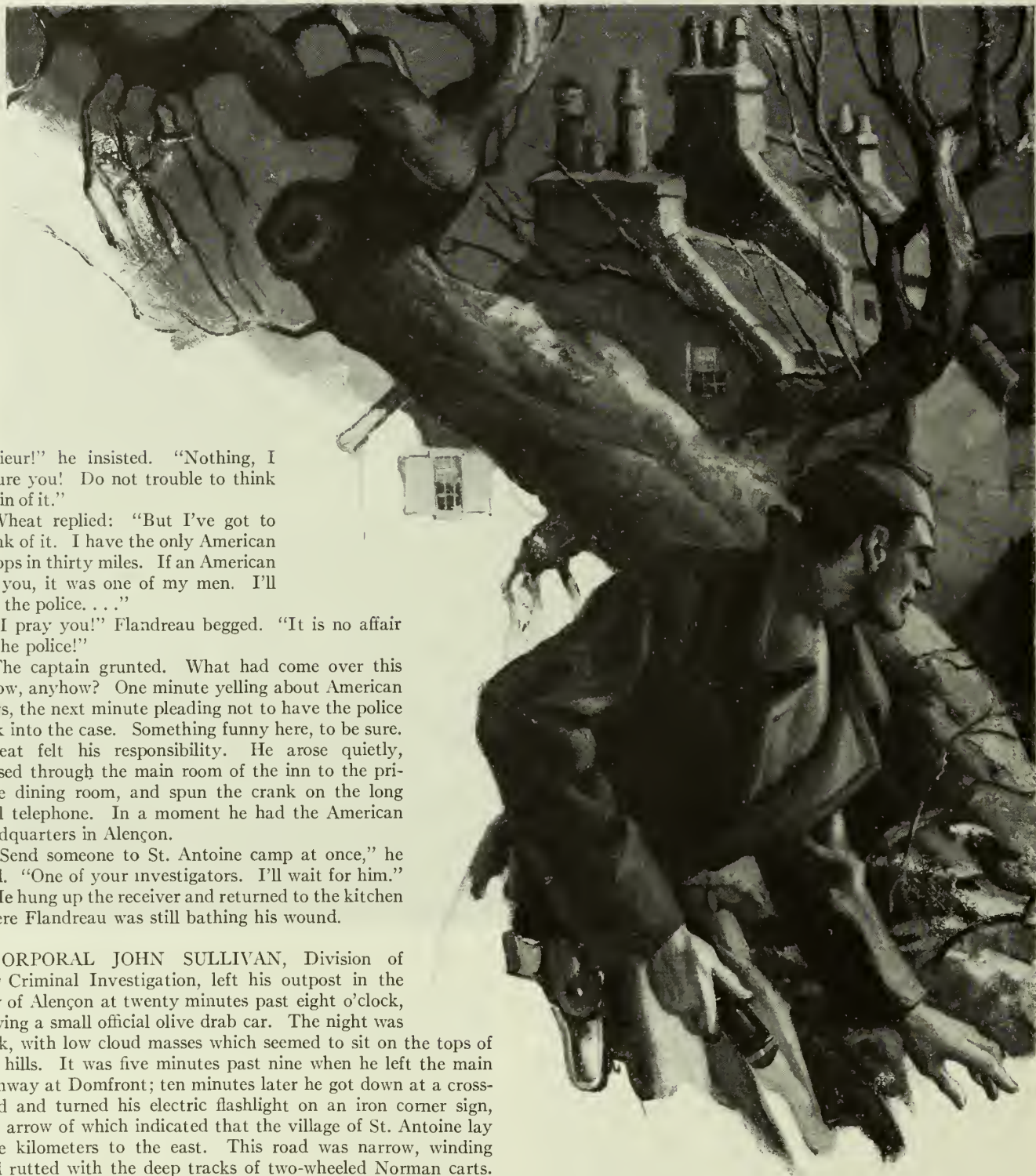
"He sent for me. Where's he at?"

"Sent for you?" the sergeant repeated. "What for?"

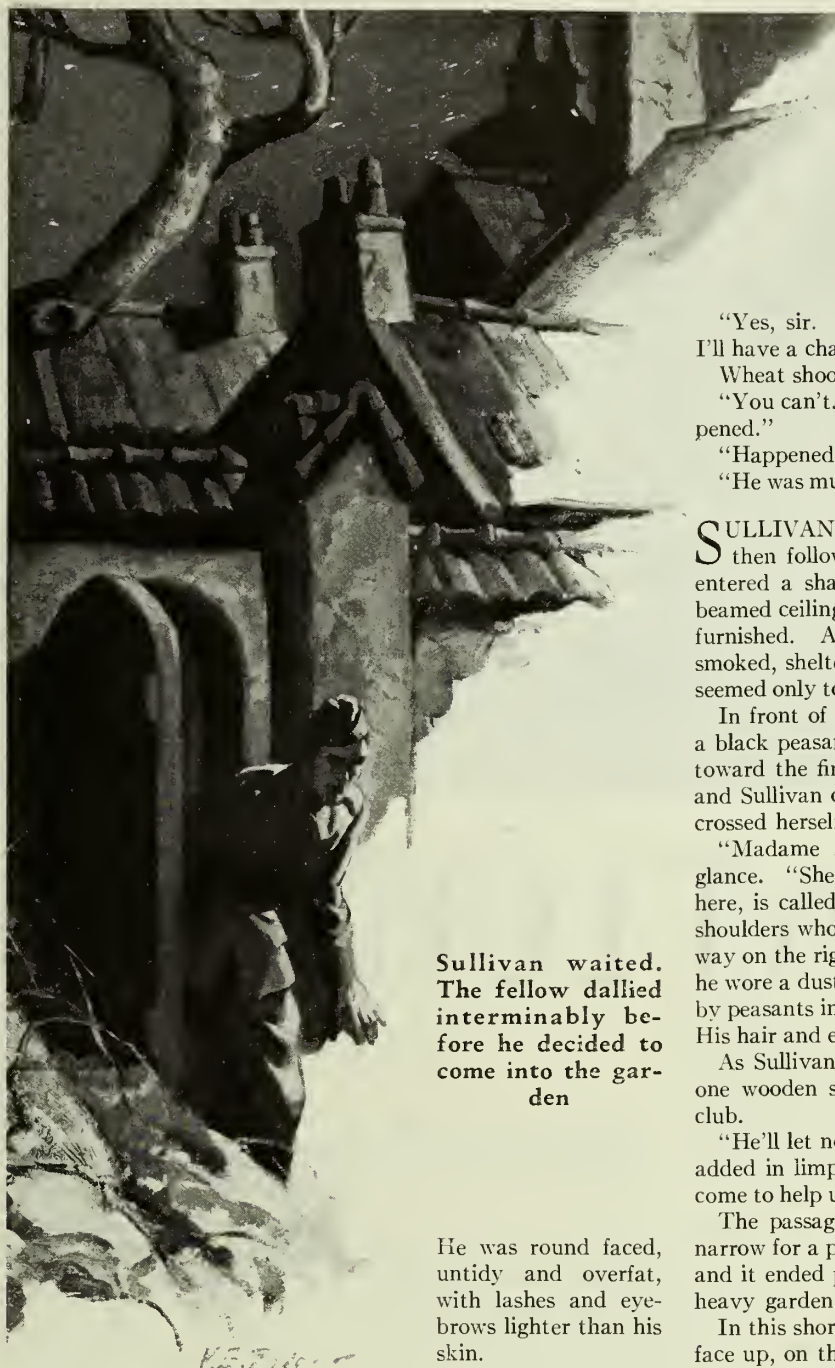
"'Cause he needed somebody that could answer questions and mind his own business," Sullivan answered.

"Captain's in town," the sergeant told him, "and I am mindin' my own business. I'm acting first sergeant, see? And my business is seein' what's goin' on around here. Ain't no lazy man's job, either."

At that moment another soldier stuck his head into the door.







**Sullivan waited. The fellow dallied interminably before he decided to come into the garden**

He was round faced, untidy and overfat, with lashes and eyebrows lighter than his skin.

"Skipper back yet?" he asked.

"See him anywhere?" the sergeant answered.

Sullivan interrupted. "Where's he likely to be at in town? And where is the town? It's black as a judge advocate's heart! I guess one of you woodchoppers better come along and show me the way."

"Hlaska can," the sergeant said, pointing to the other man. "I can't, not till Lieutenant Munn gets back. With only two officers in the outfit, you'd think they'd stick around once in a while."

"I'm in a hurry," Sullivan said. He got into the car first. As the other started to follow, the corporal added: "Wipe off your shoes, soldier. Don't muddy up my machine."

The fellow scraped his shoes on the edge of the running board.

"Trouble being company clerk," he complained, as they turned toward the village. "Never get no rest."

Sullivan did not reply. He'd hate to be sunk up here in this hole himself, he was thinking, when suddenly the dim, scattered lights of the village showed ahead. At the soldier's suggestion he pulled up before the hotel, on the south edge of a small, dark, public square. The narrow inn door stood

open to the cool evening, and as the car halted a big American officer appeared in its lighted rectangle. The attitude of his dark shadow indicated excitement.

"There's the skipper," Private Hlaska said. "If you're goin' back to camp soon, I'll wait an' ride."

"Needn't bother," Sullivan answered.

The officer had run down the steps.

"You the policeman?" he was demanding.

His voice was husky.

"Yes, sir. Where's this party that got a sock on the nose? I'll have a chat with him sir."

Wheat shook his head.

"You can't. Too late. Just after I called you something happened."

"Happened?"

"He was murdered. We've left the body where he fell."

SULLIVAN stood an instant on the step, grasping this news; then followed Captain Wheat through the inn door. They entered a shabby room, long and broad enough, with heavily beamed ceiling and a reddish tile floor, but poorly, even meagerly furnished. At its opposite end a huge fireplace, very badly smoked, sheltered a fire of twigs so small and inadequate that it seemed only to add to the feeling of chill.

In front of it, on an overturned wine tub, sat a fat woman in a black peasant sack and white widow's cap, with her bare toes toward the fire. At the sound of Wheat's voice she looked up and Sullivan observed that she wore a fine dark mustache. She crossed herself piously and turned her toes again to the hearth.

"Madame Banc, that is," Wheat said, noticing Sullivan's glance. "She runs this place. I think she's honest. Her son, here, is called Pierre." He indicated a young man with round shoulders who stood guard at the entrance to a narrow passageway on the right of the room. He was a surly looking citizen, and he wore a dusty black smock with a red sash, of the kind affected by peasants in the south of France, but rarely seen in Normandy. His hair and eyes, like his mother's, were dark.

As Sullivan approached, he noticed that Pierre had taken off one wooden shoe and was holding it firmly by its heel, like a club.

"He'll let no one pass till you get here," Wheat explained, and added in limping French, "This is the policeman, Pierre. He's come to help us."

The passageway where the Frenchman stood guard was too narrow for a pair of men to walk abreast in it; its ceiling was low, and it ended perhaps a dozen paces from the main room, in the heavy garden door.

In this short passageway lay the body of Monsieur Flandreau, face up, on the tile floor, with a pool of blood like a thin brown pillow under the head.

The bandage which, Wheat explained, had covered the Frenchman's first wound, was slipped off now, and tilted back from his head a little, like a soiled linen halo.

Sullivan approached within a few feet. There he first took in the position of the body and the fellow's rather elegant clothes, then his gaze settled on the dead man's face. It was one of those lean hard faces that somehow seem not to change expression in death; the lips were naturally thin; the nose was naturally narrow with small nostrils, and the eyes, open still, looking up blindly at the low dark ceiling, no doubt had been little more expressive in life than they were now.

"I haven't touched anything," Wheat said. His voice seemed cramped in the narrow space. "I didn't even move the gun."

He turned so that the light from the little lamp he carried fell upon the farther end of the passageway. There on the floor lay an American issue automatic pistol, caliber .45. Sullivan walked toward it, picked it up by its trigger guard, and bearing it with considerable care, laid it on a table in the outer room.

As he did so, a girl cried out. Sullivan turned, startled. She had entered so quietly that he had not even heard her. The corporal's round eyes, which always looked surprised, under arched brows, bulged a little wider open, (Continued on page 40)





# Our Other NATIONAL

*By George*

**T**HIS is my fourth season as coach of a professional football team, but I'll surrender the right of prophecy to newspaper sports writers and let you have their word for it that professional football is our other national game, second only to baseball in the affection of the country. The sports writers and some of the fans I've talked to vision the day not so many years from now when every section of the United States will have its professional football league, with inter-league contests at the close of the season and a championship finale such as Pasadena stages each New Year's day for East and West college football champions.

But as I say, I'm just a coach and it would be taking in a little too much territory to add prophecy to my line. I can see the progress pro football has made in the last three years (it's been phenomenal), and I'm sure it will continue to grow. But one practical difficulty keeps me from envisioning pro football elevens as plentiful as baseball's pro teams. That difficulty is the scarcity of top-notch players and cities large enough to carry the load financially. Payrolls for top-notch pro teams are pretty hefty, you see.

But maybe I'm a pessimist.

We have ten teams in the National Football League and once the season is under way those teams are allowed to carry no more than twenty-five players each. That's 250 players. I don't think

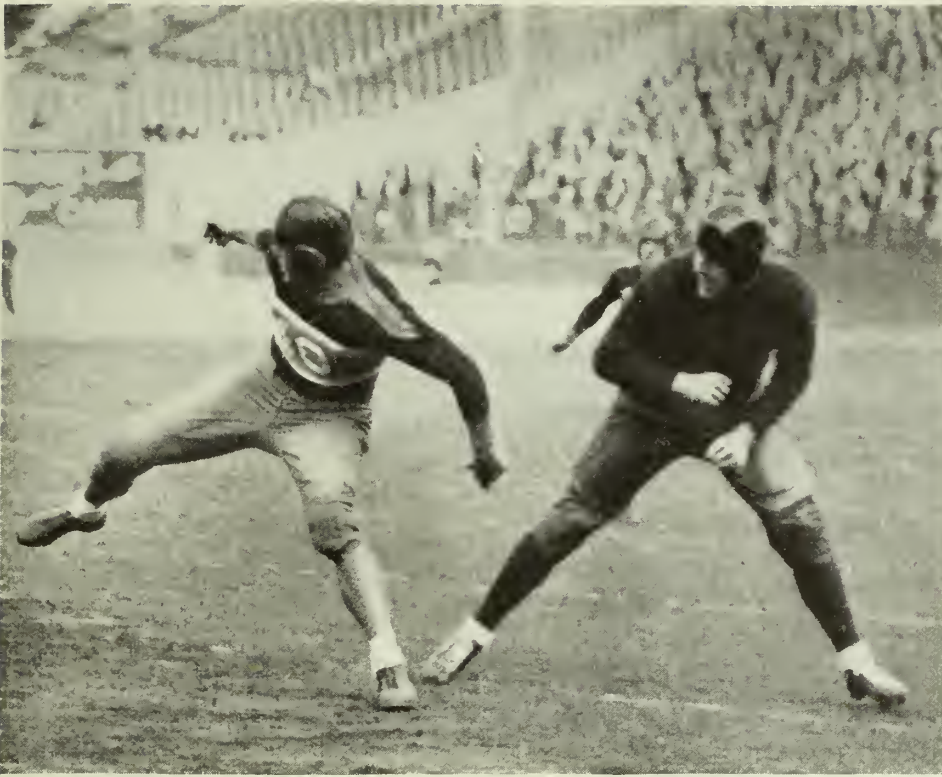
there are a hundred other men in the United States who could stand up man to man with those 250 players.

That's an honest opinion. But maybe there could be minor leagues, at that. Pro football as played in the National League today brings into action in every game not one or two, but from twenty-two to forty-four players of All-American caliber. These teams don't compete for the interest and patronage of the college alumni who crowd a hundred stadiums every fall to watch games between traditional rivals. Rather they have succeeded in gaining the interest and support of baseball's hundreds of thousands, including the bleacher crowd. Football gets going just about the time baseball ends, and the fans have learned that at pro games they are sure to see close, exciting, nerve-tingling action by well-matched teams. That the fans love it is proved by the crowds of fifty thousand or more who pay their way into

**P**OTSY CLARK'S name is one to conjure with wherever American football is played. The most brilliant quarterback in University of Illinois annals, he ran teams in 1914 and 1915 that tied for and won the Western Conference Championship respectively. Playing on the 89th Division team, he scored the touchdown that won the A. E. F. championship. After the war he served as assistant football coach at various universities and as head coach successively at Michigan State, Kansas and Butler Universities until 1931, when he took up pro coaching with the Portsmouth Tigers. This year Potsy and his team are representing Detroit

games in nearly a dozen cities during the season. It isn't sentiment that packs them in at pro games. These fans know that every man in action on the field is a star in his own right, and the question whether A's backfield comes nearer to being an irresistible force than B's line does to being an immov-





"Pro football brings into action in every game not one or two, but from twenty-two to forty-four players of All-American caliber"

a half caste, out-of-bounds affair, with the players performing under assumed names and not even seeing one another until perhaps fifteen minutes before a game. Today, thanks to the pioneering work of men like Tim Mara of New York, George Halas of Chicago, and others of the National League group, the pro game is established on a business basis. It is no longer looked upon with suspicion; men like G. A. Richards of Detroit, George Marshall of Boston, Bert Bell of Philadelphia and Charles Bidwell of the Chicago Cardinals in the pro ranks are a guarantee against sharp practices. As a single instance: For the last half dozen years the league has had a rule that no college football player may be signed for pro football until the class with which he

# GAME

*(Potsy) Clark*

able body packs them in. Just in case you don't know, our league has two teams in Chicago, the Bears and the Cardinals, and one each in Boston, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Detroit, Green Bay, New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

We pros know the value of the inspirational dash that you have read about in college football, and we use it as well as the other tricks in the bags of the college coaches. Of course we can't expect our players to die for dear old Siwash, but the late Bill Roper's rallying cry, "The team that won't be beat can't be beat," makes sense in a pro dressing-room between the halves. Alonzo Stagg, Knute Rockne, Yost, Zuppke and Haughton had various methods of making their teams play away over their heads, and we're not overlooking any bet that will bring victory.

Players of All-American caliber don't usually come together on a single college team. So the college coach is continually developing his material, knowing that Father Time is snapping at his heels—that the player who has finally become a star, only to be lost through graduation, has a football expectancy, as the insurance actuaries would say, of at least half a dozen years of better football than he showed in college.

Right there is where the professional team comes in, cashing in on the promise of brilliance. And so does the player himself. It's still pretty hard today for a boy to make connections with a job, and the pro game not only tides a fellow over, but in many instances finances a course of study in a professional school. Years ago pro football was a rag, tag and bobtail proposition, shunned by college and other amateur organizations—

entered college has been graduated. That rule has been religiously adhered to, and I believe it has done more for the pro game than it has for the college teams it was designed to protect.

The game we play is pretty much like college football. But there are three important differences. First and possibly most important is the fact that in the pro game the goal posts are on the goal line instead of ten yards back, which of course encourages drop and place kicking. Secondly, a man need not be five yards back of the line of scrimmage to throw a forward pass, but merely somewhere behind the line. Third, the man with the ball is not automatically down when his knee or hand touches the ground. He must be held firmly in the grasp of an opponent.

My army training and experience have been the most important factors in whatever success I've had in football coaching. That goes both for the (Continued on page 52)



"Some fans vision the day when every section of the United States will have its professional football league"



# PEACE—

## AT a REASONABLE PRICE

*By James A. Drain*

*Past National Commander, The American Legion*

**F**EW Americans possess a civil and military background so adequately fitting them to discuss the problem of war and peace as does General Drain. In the accompanying article, in addition to outlining his own conceptions of the way to meet the ages-old issue, he pays a striking and significant tribute to The American Legion's long struggle for the Universal Draft

**S**ETTling disputes by a bump on the bean or a sock in the solar plexus, still in favor among barbarians, is only practiced as a last resort by civilized men forced to meet barbarism with barbarity.

But there are new ways of bumping or socking an adversary. Time was when men counted for all; that was before weapons. Then the Edison of the stone age saw a vision of the stone that need not be thrown and lost but could be fitted to a handle to become a magazine stone.

Since that distant day striking, cutting, thrusting, missile-throwing, blasting, choking, crushing, poisoning devices have festered to loathsome multitudes like maggots in an open wound. Today, and so long hereafter as an outraged God shall permit unworthy men to infest the earth and engage in war, means count for more than men. Tomorrow the balance will be even further on the side of weapons.

We all recognize this as a mechanical, an electrical, a chemical age—an age in which man has harnessed to his uses such colossal natural forces as deeply to disturb (yes, in many instances completely to overturn) the previous order.

**R**ELIGIOUS, political, social, financial structures felt by our fathers to be as fundamentally sound as fire and water have been shaken, warped and broken—earthquake-wise. The change really came rather slowly, although one naturally thinks of it as sudden.

Tradition, precedent, old ways have a mighty hold on most of us. We are disinclined to accept new ideas. Nothing could be a surer sign of weakness.

The truth is that no man, no matter what his temporary high station, can really be great unless he has the habit of changing his mind when necessary.

That expression more definitely means that any really great man is capable of changing his mind often enough to avoid intellectual B. O.

One of the loftiest figures of our generation, classed by some as the most mighty military genius of all time, was once asked for a formula for winning battles. His answer was: "First get all the truth you can from every available source—as much as possible with your own eyes and your own ears. When you have what you think is all the truth available, make your plans upon that truth according to the best scientific knowledge. When the time comes to put your plans into operation move with all the force and vigor you possess. But preserve always a fluidity of mind. Be prepared,

if necessary, to change 180 degrees and, if required, in the twinkling of an eye."

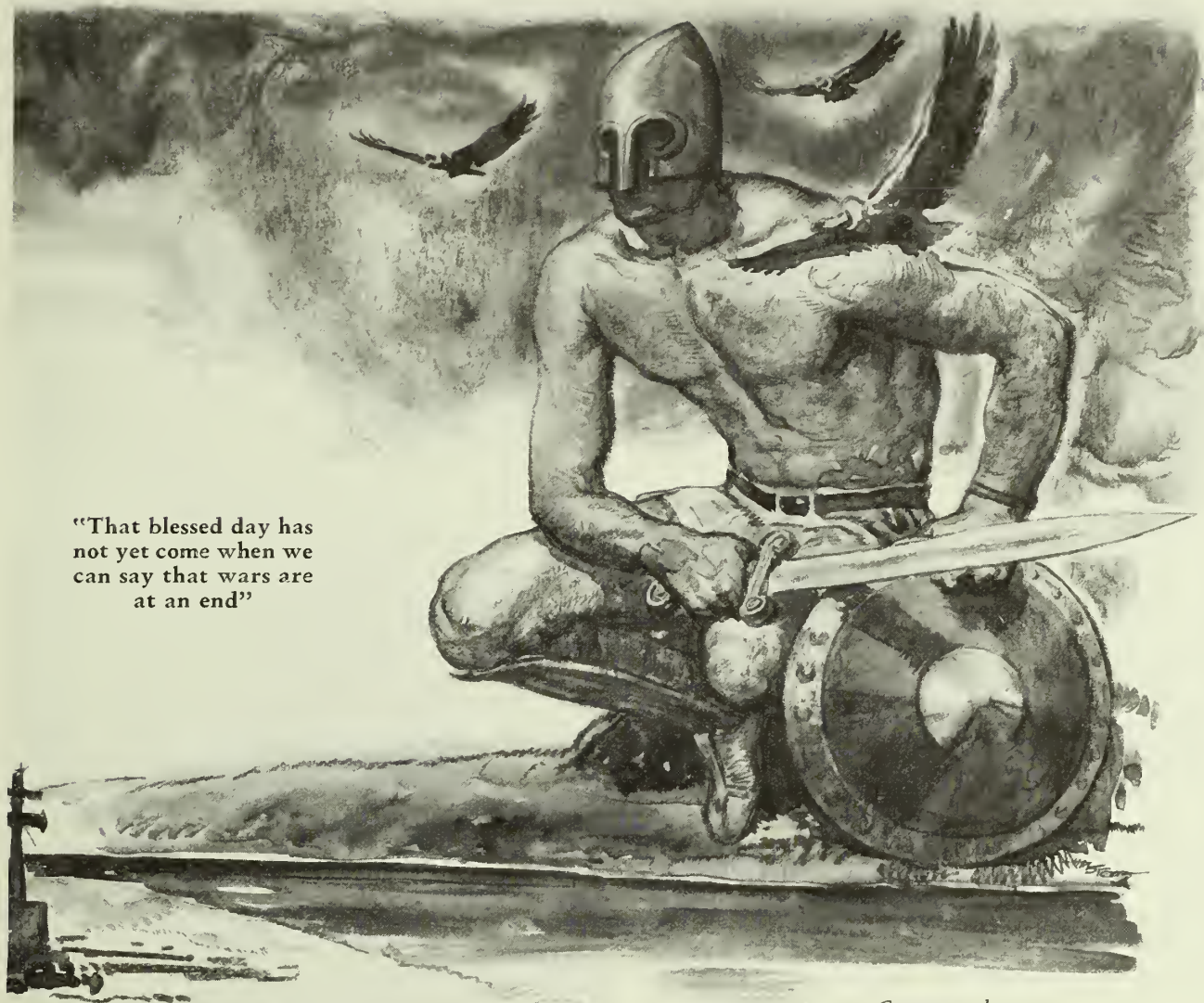
You will agree that for a final correct solution of any problem man may face in peace or war, this formula fits like a glove. These were the words of Marshal Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, in the closing days of the World War. Bearing upon the value of an expression from him it is recalled that in the early winter of 1917 Sir Henry Wilson, who ended his World War service as Chief of the British Imperial General Staff, made a memorable and significant remark.

An American officer just returned from the British and French fronts was seated beside Sir Henry at dinner. The American was boiling with indignation at the lack of teamwork between the two armies. "Yes, you are quite right," said the British general. "There is no co-ordination between the French and ourselves—there is not even workman-like co-operation. We shall never win this war without a single command. We could have won in 1916 with a single command. We can win it yet with a single command. I think we shall have a single command. When that time comes, if it ever does, there is just one man to exercise that command, a simple, modest little Frenchman named Ferdinand Foch, who," emphasized Sir Henry, "is, in my opinion, not only the greatest general of today but the greatest general of all time; and when I say that I am not forgetting Hannibal, Caesar, Napoleon or anyone else."

Acceptance of new ideas, fluidity of mind, really marks the main difference between the man fit to meet and defeat every opponent, whether on the battlefield, the law court, the halls of trade or wherever men may fight, and his fellows of lesser quality. And what is of greater consequence, fluidity of mind helps in the







"That blessed day has  
not yet come when we  
can say that wars are  
at an end"

*Cartoon by  
Herbert Morton Stoops*

innumerable conflicts every active man must wage with the constantly warring elements of his own nature.

Students of history, acquaintances of men and events, know that the military profession is highly conservative. The reason is clear. War deals at first hand with life and death. A serious mistake is usually instantly fatal. That is why important changes in armament or strategy rarely come unless forced by the stress of war; and even then the changes are usually made with what often seems undue caution.

Note the three principal innovations of the World War—airplanes, tanks and gas.

Had the Germans put full faith in their gas, waited to develop it sufficiently in quality and quantity, instead of making a limited trial use of it—had they at first released gas of sufficient power in overwhelming quantities on the Western Front, theirs would have been a free way to the sea, to France, to England, to anywhere. The first use of airplanes or tanks of the right design wholesale instead of piecemeal could have ended the war when their users might have chosen.

To put it mildly, the disinterested, unprejudiced observer is likely to feel that the conservatism which does not see merit in a worthy new way or weapon of war is shocking to the point of being an evidence of childlike timidity or doddering senility.

It has been said that munitions are now more important than men. Such a statement might prove misleading. It is like saying a man's heart is more important than his head.

What the modern master of military science means when he stresses the importance of munitions is that the requirements of the last and newer wars are so vastly greater as to quantities and so immeasurably more intricate as to design that munitions have passed from subordinate to pre-eminent importance.

That is to say, today and in the future, it takes far more time to design and make munitions than it does to recruit, equip and train men to use them.

The American tradition and practice, still sound, has been to hold the entire able-bodied citizenship available for war; but the universal service idea was never even approximately lived up to until 1917. It was the right way then, it is still good and always will be.

The first Congress under the Constitution passed a law that each citizen should be a member of the militia (universal draft of men) and have a gun, using bullets of not less than a prescribed number to the pound, "a bullet pouch and hanger."

It took over one hundred years to change the old militia laws by provision for the first nationalized National Guard—but that is a story for another telling.

**B**ECAUSE we are a peaceful nation, never wanting or seriously expecting a war, the American way has been to manufacture but a small part of our weapons of war. We bought small quantities in peace to encourage manufacturers to equip themselves to turn out large quantities in an emergency.

Also as to some items, we established small government factories, scarcely more than laboratories, where trifling production went on. In general the national policy permitted our munition makers to sell to other countries.

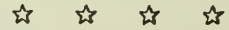
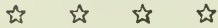
As an essential part of a sound policy by which every citizen should carry his full share of the nation's work in peace or war, the United States ought not depend upon either voluntary or for-profit service.

*(Continued on page 50)*



# The UNKNOWN GENERAL

*By Frederick Palmer*



**T**HE Necessity for a Unified Allied Command, the Certainty That the Germans Would Seek a Decision in 1918 Following the Piave Disaster and Russian Withdrawal from the War—Bliss Foresaw This and More at a Moment When the Betting Favored the Central Powers. And Then What Happened?

## *Part Two*

**W**HERE was Bliss? The giant figure of the Chief of Staff, who had been at his desk for sixteen hours day after day for months, had disappeared from his office in the War Department on October 27, 1917. It was explained that he would be absent for some time. But where? No answer was given.

The curtains on the train which took him and other members of the House Mission across the Canadian border to Halifax were drawn. He was told not to go on a platform at a stop lest some spy see him. At Halifax the Navy took possession of him as though he was some secret to be closely guarded. And he carried more secrets than anyone except the Secretary of War.

"At 4 P.M. yesterday we entered the submarine danger zone," he wrote on board ship November 6th. "Everybody was then ordered to put on life preservers and to keep them on until we reached port. I have had mine on for just twenty-four hours, and we have thirty more hours of it according to present reckoning."

A terrific winter storm raged in the North Atlantic. Bliss's ship had had to wait and roll while an accompanying ship repaired its engines.

No life preserver had been big enough for the big form of the four-star general who ranked every man in the Army except Pershing. His cabin "a wreck of overturned chairs in a confused pile with water pitchers and broken glass smashing back and forth," he braced himself in that tight boy's-size life preserver and tried to read, but the lamp fixture broke free and fell on his head. He uttered some army language and smiled.

In his youth he had wanted to be a sailor, but he concluded that he was a little too old for the job the gobs had on the convoying destroyers. Now you saw a destroyer and then you couldn't see it. It was doing a tight rope dance on the boiling crest of a wave one minute and hidden in the trough the next.

Even if every man of the eleven hundred on board the ship with Bliss had had on ten life preservers the chance of any one of them being picked up if the ship had been torpedoed appeared about as slight as reaching the North Pole clad in a bathing suit. Yet those gobs who kept their footing on the careening decks, at times swamped by tons of water, might even perform that miracle.



Four-starred General Tasker H. Bliss, from a photograph taken on the Somme front

If Bliss had gone down it would have ended a trip which ten stars on his shoulders would not have measured in importance. He does not tell us this. All was in the day's work for him—his job the one that destiny gave him. But his letters and papers reveal how near we came to losing the war. If he had not made





Moving up into the Argonne. The camera caught everything but the mud

that trip we might have had to send four millions of men to France, if we were to stick it out and help win the war, and the crosses in our cemeteries over there might have been numbered by hundreds of thousands.

The sight of the *des royers* told more than what a big job it was to get a big army across three thousand miles of ocean past the U-boats. They spoke the only good news there was in the present crisis. Our naval aid to the British with our depth charges and convoy system was gradually getting the better of the undersea assassins, clearing the way for the Army. For the Navy was winning its war, as it must do, before the Army could begin winning its war.

But the Army must have ships. We were building ships, but they were not ready. Pershing had a hundred thousand men in France short of supplies, facing the bitter winter of 1917 in Lorraine.

It was taking as many as eighty days for ships to make the turn-around because they could not be unloaded promptly in French ports.

Tonnage was being wasted in duplicate services characteristic of the way the Allies had been fighting the war for four years. Against an enemy that had one mind the Allies had been like blind men flailing with their fists in the general direction of the enemy.

Each was conducting a war on his own. It was as though the fielder refused to back up first base, saying, "My business is to catch flies," or the player in a band, on being reminded he was two notes ahead or behind the others, replying, "Who's playing this horn, anyhow? It's my horn!"

Bliss was the soldier on the mission under Colonel E. M. House,

President Wilson's ear and closest adviser, with Admiral Benson and financial and economic experts who were going abroad to try to effect some sort of team play among the Allies so we could better help them win the war.

No man, except Secretary Baker, knew as well as Bliss the home situation. Our whole army effort had passed under his eye from factories to camps. On the way across the Atlantic he had news which was a murderous example of the lack of Allied co-ordination.

After Italy had been exhausted by her 1917 offensives, which had got no farther than other Allied offensives, it was clear that the Germans might concentrate with the Austrians for a smash against her. But the Allies did not heed the warning; they let Italy go on fighting her own war, as the other Allies were.

**A**TERRIFIC, masterly Austro-German drive hit the Italian army by surprise. Day after day the Italians were retreating as Bliss crossed the Atlantic. They had lost all the ground they had won and much more.

In London Bliss found the bad news he had heard was only that passed out in the communiqués for public consumption. He got the alarming, paralyzing truth. British and French statesmen and generals had rushed to Italy to hold up her hand with loyal words; British and French divisions were being hurried to the aid of the Italian army, after its colossal losses, in its last stand on the bank of the Piave River.

Bliss reached Paris on the day that French realization of the enormity of the disaster compelled the fall of the Painlevé ministry and Clemenceau became premier. He listened to the returning statesmen and generals: To Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Or-





Premier Clemenceau, after congratulating officers of the Second American Division on the outfit's fine showing in the sector northwest of Château-Thierry, has his picture taken with them

lando, Foch, Haig, Pétain, Robertson and their urgings and disagreements on everything except that Russia was out of the war, Rumania and Serbia holding on by the skin of their teeth, and Italy might be out any day. But the truth must not be spoken aloud lest it give the Allied people the hump and the Germans the jump.

Four-star General Bliss counseled with four-star General Pershing. Pershing grievously needed men and supplies. He could not waft them across the Atlantic with a magic wand. They had to come on ships. And where were the ships?

Her enemies fought to a standstill on all other fronts, Germany could now concentrate all her strength on the Western Front. The movement was already beginning. Pétain, the French Commander-in-Chief, told Bliss the French had lost 2,600,000 men, dead, wounded and prisoners; they had only a million fighting men left; Haig and Robertson, for the British, said that, do their best, they would have three hundred thousand fewer men in '18 than '17. A sum in addition showed that the Germans would have three to two against the combined British and French the coming spring.

Bliss said we had a million men now in our camps. Pool ship-

ping, cut out waste, stop duplication, make every ship serve the whole, and bring our men to France.

But the British said our men were not trained enough for the front line; the only way to make them effective was to mix them with Allied veterans. Ships would be forthcoming only if we agreed to this. The French said it was necessary for the sake of French morale—the only way to convince the French people and veterans that we would be of real aid in time.

We all know the reasons against this plan—the sacrifice of the independence of our Army, the loss of the war.

Bliss, his the one mind embracing the whole military situation, from the Alps to our Pacific Coast, hurried home. The item in the newspapers announcing the return of the Chief of Staff covered the most important quiet arrival of an unostentatious person in our history. His report, written on board ship, cut sharply through Allied controversies under the black cloud of the enemy threat. Never had a Secretary of War been so eager for a report as this of the man upon whose veteran wis-

## SECRET

SUPREME WAR COUNCIL  
AMERICAN SECTION  
SUPREME WAR COUNCIL  
AMERICAN SECTION

Dear Gen. Rawlinson

Can you give me your estimate

as to the following for the next six months?  
Bliss

1. Average total, per month, of replacement of personnel, required for British Army in France?

Answer = Average of 1917 - 66,500 Repl.  
Estimate of 1918 - 90,000 Repl.

2. Total average per month expected from Great Britain?

Answer = 21,813 -

3. Total average per month expected from America if your resolution is accepted by my government?

Answer = about 70,000 men comes in

Memorandum from Bliss to General Sir Henry Rawlinson, with Rawlinson's penciled answers

dom and vision he depended without question.

Upon our entry into the war Bliss had foreseen that we should have to send a large army to France. The plan was to form and



train it behind the Allied walls, as he said, "to strike the final, shattering blow" in 1919. Now the walls were in grave danger; now that large army might be needed in France in 1918 to prevent the walls from breaking and creating a disaster which might lower Pershing's flag at the same time the British and French fell.

"It is the part of wisdom to get in without delay—or stay out altogether," he wrote.

"The political men of the Allies do not realize that now the only problem is to beat the Central Powers. They are thinking too much of what they want to do when the Central Powers are beaten.

"Our Allies urge us to profit by their experience in three and a half years of war . . . In making the great military effort now demanded of us we should demand as a prior condition that our Allies also profit by the experience of three and a half years of war in the matter of absolute unity of military control. National jealousies and suspicions must be put aside in favor of this unified control, even going if necessary (as I believe it is) to the limit of unified command. Otherwise, our dead and theirs may have died in vain.

"The securing of this unified control, even unified command, in the last resort is within the power of the President if in anyone's power." We had no selfish aims in money or territory after the war; we were simply out to win the war and we had the right when we were spending blood and treasure across three thousand miles of sea to demand that the Allies work together for their own salvation. The first and pressing need was to bring all our influence to bear to push the movement to pool shipping on which we had insisted while abroad.

If we could not get the shipping from the Allies then somehow we must find the shipping ourselves to get a big army over to Pershing at once. It was Bliss's secret report that gave the spurt to the great public drive to "build a bridge to France," to the faster staccato of the steel riveters joining the plates of our new ships.



and Italy met regularly at Versailles. They were the "black coats" to the military representatives. There were hot exchanges between peppery Lloyd George and cynical, realistic old Clemenceau, but in the end this human contact led to working out a policy on the spot and giving it a prompt start. Just the big men getting together as man to man. That was all.

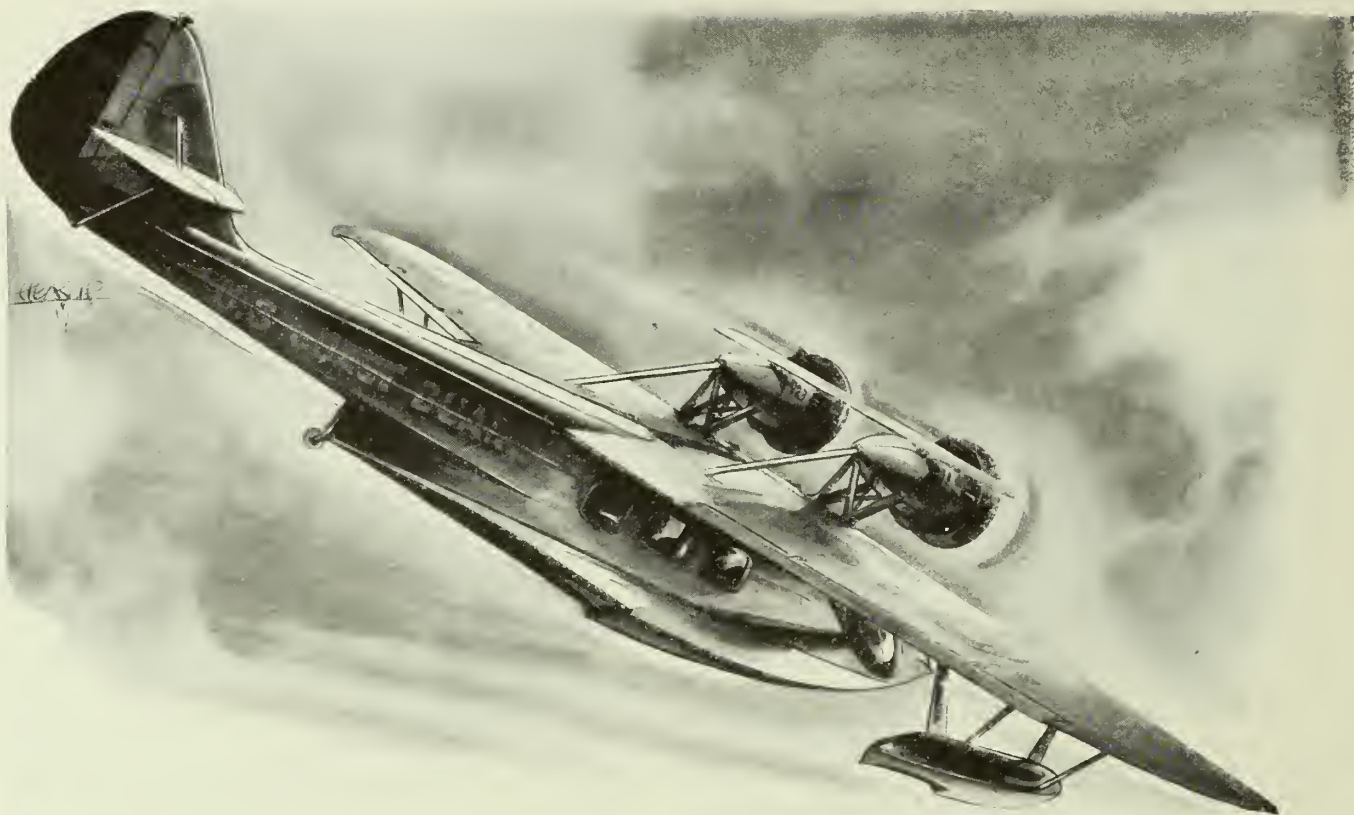
At a minute's notice in their sessions they could call in for professional advice the expert soldiers of the four chief Allies on the Council. These military representatives all had offices in the same building at Versailles, where they were daily in touch. At first Foch represented France, Sir Henry Wilson, later British Chief of Staff, Britain, and Cadorna, Italy.

Each had a small staff of experts covering the whole range of army requirements. They threshed out differences, they worked out team play in a clearing house of information and suggestion. If France could make this article and save shipping from America, if that one were immediately needed from America, no time was lost in getting action.

Every resource of all the Allies from China to Greece, the situation in Russia, political influences, political and military grouches, which (Continued on page 54)

Pershing and Bliss outside the French Ministry of War, Paris, nine days before the Armistice





# WINGS *of* MERCY

*by*  
Samuel Taylor  
Moore

**H**ENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., Secretary of the Treasury, was busy in his improvised office as the big amphibian Coast Guard plane sped him from Washington to spend a belated week-end with his family on the upper Hudson River, late one afternoon last June. He had lost a complete day from his desk that week in the thrilling duty of reviewing the United States Navy at the side of President Roosevelt, wherefore his mind was still engaged with the pressing problems of his office as the plane's shadow swept the ramparts of West Point below.

Yes, Secretary Morgenthau was still on the job as the plane neared his family home. And so was the crew of the craft entrusted with his important personage.

Ever since the wings had lifted back in the capital three hours before, an alert radio operator had been listening in on the marine distress frequency cycles. As the massive profile of Storm King mountain flitted to the rear the operator's mood suddenly denoted important news. Intently he transcribed a message from frantic dots and dashes crackling in the receivers of his headset. From the small table cluttered with radio gear abaft the pilot's compartment he extended the message to the skipper on the bridge, Lieutenant Richard L. Burke.

Now Lieutenant Burke—a sea-going, square-jawed young Texan—at the moment certainly could have been no less weary than his tired distinguished passenger and departmental chief, for it had been the Coast Guard's duty to police New York harbor

and the air above it previous to, during and after the parade of the fleet before the President and up the Hudson to its anchorages. For two days from dawn to dark Lieutenant Burke had been co-operating with numerous surface craft of the service in seeing that a vast armada of amateur pleasure boat skippers (the equivalent of Sunday automobile drivers on the highways) did not gum up the dignity and majesty of the Fleet.

Except for necessary landings to refuel Lieutenant Burke had been flying for two days without relief during daylight hours, but all thoughts of enjoying a night's rest were dismissed from his mind as he scanned the message in his hand.

The beam trawler *Dorchester* 150 miles off the New England coast reported that a member of the crew of the fishing smack *Mao IV* of New Bedford, which had no radio, was desperately in need of medical attention. It appeared that this member of the *Mao's* crew had performed a self-service operation on a troublesome boil, using a rusty razor blade as a scalpel. Not unnaturally blood-poisoning had set in, and with the infection spreading and the victim delirious with fever, expert medical attention alone could save his life.

Landing Secretary Morgenthau at his home, Lieutenant Burke lost no time in fulfilling the traditions of the Coast Guard. A call for aid had been received. It must be answered. As darkness descended the comfortable chairs were being removed to make space in the cabin for a sea-going litter. But unfortunately, with the deepening shadows of night came a more blinding phenomenon than darkness, a clammy, impenetrable fog. It extended from the greasy bosom of the ocean upwards for many hundred feet. To attempt the mission of mercy under such a handicap was hopeless, for while the directional radio gear which is standard equipment on all Coast Guard planes would enable the pilot to bear unerringly to the trawler which had relayed the call for succor, the fishing fleet had scattered widely to avoid possibility of collision



**The freshening breeze created  
a new hazard for the plane in  
the rising swell of mounting seas**

as the fog rolled in. So through the long night and far into the next forenoon Lieutenant Burke, sleepless and impatient, waited for the gray pall to dissipate. It was late the following morning before conditions permitted a chance for success. But the rising wind which was sweeping away the curtain also was stirring the Atlantic into restlessness.

For more than an hour the plane flew seaward, wing-tips often obscured in the thick expanse screening the ocean below. Radio alone told the crew when they had reached the position of the trawler. Then began a seemingly endless series of dolphin dives through each rift in the lifting fog bank. For three long, dragging hours the desperate game of hide and seek went on. The hunt could continue but an hour or two longer, for the fuel capacity of the plane is but six and a half hours.

And then, suddenly, success! The rising wind was opening wider avenues through the fog. Diving low above the white-caps Burke saw the ship he sought, its distress signal whipping out in the freshening breeze. That freshening breeze however created a new hazard to face, the rising swell of mounting seas. Unhesitatingly Burke leveled off in the lee of the smack and cut his motors. Bouncing like a porpoise from wave top into following trough, the plane was at the mercy of the waves. Burke clambered from the cockpit and unsteadily made his way to the cabin hatch aft. Megaphone in hand he crawled out on the wildly rising and falling wings to shout instructions for the transfer of the sick man. Waves beating upon him, water swirling about his feet, Burke stuck to his perilous perch as he directed the lowering of the ill fisherman over the side of the smack and into a floundering dory.

The difficult transfer accomplished, the problem of getting the plane into the air remained. It seemed as though the sea was determined the sky craft should not escape into its own element. Incessantly the green crests broke against whirling propellers and engine housings. Lurching and tossing in the pilot's seat, drenched to the skin in brine, while sea water shipped through the open hatch swished deeply about the cabin floor, grimly Lieutenant Burke gave the engines full gun. It seemed an eternity before she lifted herself in a drunken lurch from the peak of an oncoming wave. Pontoons dripping, back in her native skies the plane rode smoothly. Her battered crew breathed a sigh of deep relief and the rescued man, sick unto death, smiled faintly in the first quietude of motion he had known since his illness. The rest was easy. An hour later, wheels down, the amphibian landed gently at Boston airport to transfer the sick man into a waiting ambulance which had been ordered in attendance by radio from a hundred miles at sea. Then Lieutenant Burke and his equally courageous crew flew back to Cape May, New Jersey, more than three hundred miles away, to await the next call to duty.

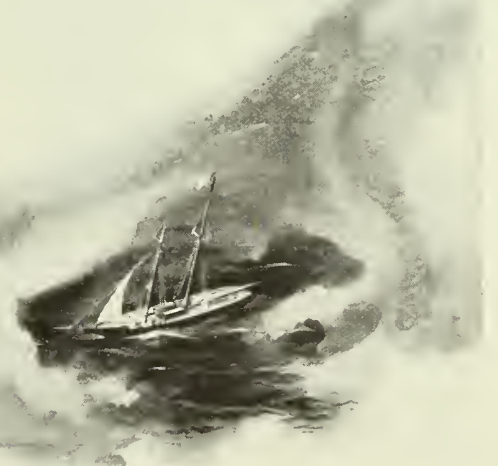
In the modest, amiable person of Lieutenant Burke the Coast Guard may present a new type of ace, a term greatly distorted from its true military origin in the post-war flying era. A war ace, it will be recalled, was a combat pilot who had achieved at least five duly confirmed victories over enemy planes. In recognition of the undeniable bravery involved in destroying enemy lives the ace received medals and the acclaim of the populace.

Is it a mark of a distorted sense of values that a man whose courage saves five lives at the risk of his own should go unrewarded and unrecognized? Actually Lieutenant Burke has effected six rescues by plane, and a seventh was missed because a trawler skipper who radioed for help for a blood-poisoning victim erred by almost a hundred miles in computing his position. As a result Burke and his two companions on the five-ton sky craft ran out of gasoline fifty miles at sea. Luckily they had equipment for sending radio messages and were rescued, while another Coast Guard plane went on to make good on the original assignment.

A shipmate of Lieutenant Burke on that perilous flight was Lieutenant Commander Fletcher Brown, base commander at Gloucester. As a lieutenant on the cutter *Seneca* in naval service abroad during the war Brown commanded a volunteer crew which attempted to take into port a torpedoed British collier, the crew of which had abandoned her. Eleven of the volunteers perished when the collier's boilers exploded and Brown was one of the seven survivors fished unconscious from the sea.

Lieutenant-Commander Carlos C. vonPaulsen, pioneer air pilot of the Coast Guard, has no less fine a record of rescues. Outstanding is the readiness with which he risked his and three other lives to save a youngster drifting to sea in an open boat off Fort Lauderdale, Florida. A squall of hurricane proportions and night were approaching simultaneously when a telephone call notified vonPaulsen of the boy's plight. When the plane located the boat, tossed and battered in the rising seas, the boy, terrified and helpless, was frantically clutching the sides. Down alongside the boat vonPaulsen set his plane. A giant comber smashed a wing pontoon beyond repair as he landed. Unhesitatingly the ship's radio operator, W. Mackenzie, dived overboard despite the ominous presence of a twelve-foot shark. The boy was taken aboard the plane and Mackenzie endeavored to repair the damage to the pontoon. His efforts were useless. Back on board a brave attempt was made to rise again. The big plane did wrest itself free for an instant only to drop again into the angry chop. As an S. O. S. went forth for surface aid, the oncoming squall struck in full force. Fortunately it came from off-shore. Before surface aid arrived the disabled plane was driven onto the beach but not until after more than seven hours of fierce buffeting by the waves. Crew and rescued boy were not far from complete exhaustion as the result of the punishment they endured before the plane finally was beached.

Many other rescues stand to the credit of the Coast Guard's flying lifeboats. Two badly burned seamen owe their lives to prompt airplane delivery to a hospital after an explosion on the tanker *Thomas Q. Brown* fifty (Continued on page 44)





# *How The American* **GANGING**



**Just after Bandit Dillinger came to the end  
of the trail in a battle with Federal and  
state police**

**I**T IS a commonplace of American life that the criminal is always a step or two ahead of the law. First, of course, you must catch him, as in the case of the rabbit in the famous recipe for rabbit stew, and often he is not caught. If, however, through good police work and perhaps a little luck he is landed behind the bars his chances of wriggling loose are still better than even. In addition to the presumption of innocence and other safeguards which the Constitutions of the nation and the States quite properly throw about him, there are the matters of the intimidation of the prosecution's witnesses, the possibility of someone's tampering with jurors, plus defense by skilful lawyers. If the prosecution is victorious there is an appeal, the criminal is out on bail for months and possibly a year or more, to plan another crime that will pay for his lawyers. If the appeal looks hopeless he disappears and the bail is forfeited. But you and I pay the bill.

It is of course this better-than-even chance of getting away with it that breeds criminals, as Britain and the nations of the Continent, quoting only too well authenticated statistics, have been pleased to tell us. The idea of registering every person at a police station, of requiring identity cards and permission to travel and the other paraphernalia of European procedure runs counter to our American ideas of the individual's right to come and go as he pleases, and we are not likely to adopt the European style, though

there can be no doubt about its effectiveness in dealing with criminals. Personally, I trust and believe that the American system of education will accomplish the same end.

The comparatively open sale of guns and other lethal weapons, the speed of modern automobiles, the confusion of jurisdiction that may arise when state boundaries are involved—these combine to operate in favor of the criminal in this country. On the other side of the equation the forces of law and order have a tremendous advantage over the crook through radio, telephone and teletype, this last an electrical device that typewrites simultaneously in a number of police stations the news of the commission of a crime. In guns the two sides are even, though they shouldn't be. And of course the criminals' automobiles are matched by fast police cars and the cruising radio cars that pick up news of crimes within a few minutes of their being perpetrated. Thus in mechanical aids the law does not lag behind the lawbreaker. The element of surprise in virtually every crime is somewhat offset by the ability of the police to concentrate forces once the alarm has been given. If the criminals make their escape it becomes a job of patient piecing together of clues and the fashioning of the web that will snare the guilty.



# Legion Can Help In the GANGSTER

By Charles F. Ely *THROUGH Closer Co-operation between the Federal and State Governments, Crime and Criminals Are Beginning to Take a Long-Overdue Licking. Here's a Battle in Which Every Legionnaire Should Have a Part*

*Chairman, National Law and Order Committee,  
The American Legion*

We of the Legion have a vital interest in law enforcement, as is evidenced by the fact that in the Preamble to our Constitution the phrase "to maintain law and order" is placed second in that declaration of principles, topped only by a determination "to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America." We can't make Legion members detectives or policemen, though in an emergency any Legion post worthy of the name stands ready to co-operate with constituted authorities. Rather we would make the communities in which our 11,000 posts operate conscious of the fact that there is a real need today of girding up the forces of the nation against the gangster, the racketeer and their allies.

We are glad to see that the moving pictures are apparently

Legion's National Law and Order Committee, appointed by Commander Hayes on a mandate from the National Convention at Chicago, urges that posts over the nation seek to discourage attendance at moving pictures tending to make the gangster, gunman or racketeer a hero. Here is a job that can be done by any Legionnaire anywhere.

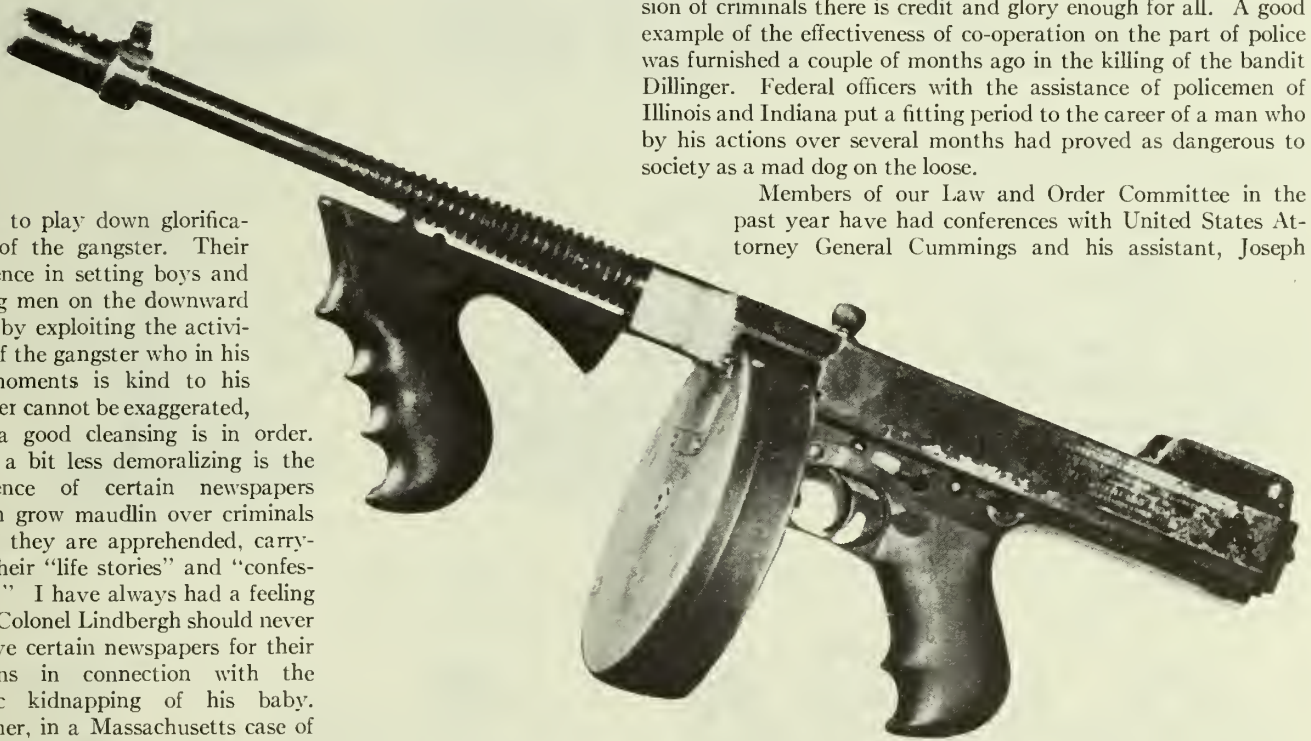
There should be better co-ordination than obtains now between Federal, state and local law enforcement agencies to the end that in the job of capturing criminals all artificial barriers be wiped out. The lawbreaker does not recognize state boundary lines except to take advantage of them in fighting extradition from one State to another once he is captured. Though there may be occasions when one force of officers feels that it is being slighted when united action is necessary it should be recognized that in the apprehension of criminals there is credit and glory enough for all. A good example of the effectiveness of co-operation on the part of police was furnished a couple of months ago in the killing of the bandit Dillinger. Federal officers with the assistance of policemen of Illinois and Indiana put a fitting period to the career of a man who by his actions over several months had proved as dangerous to society as a mad dog on the loose.

Members of our Law and Order Committee in the past year have had conferences with United States Attorney General Cummings and his assistant, Joseph

going to play down glorification of the gangster. Their influence in setting boys and young men on the downward path by exploiting the activities of the gangster who in his off moments is kind to his mother cannot be exaggerated, and a good cleansing is in order. Only a bit less demoralizing is the influence of certain newspapers which grow maudlin over criminals when they are apprehended, carrying their "life stories" and "confessions." I have always had a feeling that Colonel Lindbergh should never forgive certain newspapers for their actions in connection with the tragic kidnapping of his baby. Further, in a Massachusetts case of which I shall speak later in this article, excessive zeal on the part of newspapers allowed the criminals to leave the State just as the police were closing in on them.

Certain radio scripts might well be cleaned up also. Just how the desired results can best be obtained I for one am not certain. On principle we are mistrustful of censorship in this country. But if these undoubted evils cannot be eradicated in any other way, perhaps censorship will have to be the answer. I hope not. Let's have education, not censorship. In the meantime the

B. Keenan, and some of the recommendations given by the committee to the Legion's National Executive Committee's May meeting are the result of these discussions. Further along in this article I shall quote some of these recommendations. Certain types of crime, like smuggling and counterfeiting, which violate distinctly Federal statutes, have in the past taken up most of the attention of the criminal investigation (Continued on page 48)





# SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

*Not in It with the Old Army Issue*

By Wallgren





# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



ACCORDING to Edward J. Neary, former Department Commander of New York, one of his early clients had been convicted of stealing. The trial judge was one with a reputation for being very tender-hearted.

When the prisoner stood before the bar for sentence, the judge asked in a very subdued tone:

"Have you ever been sentenced to prison?"

"No," sobbed the prisoner, "never, yer honor!" And the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Come, come, my man, don't cry," said the judge consolingly. "You're going to be, right now."

JACK GARDNER, from down in Dallas, tells about a colored farm boy from out near Waco, who came to town with his forty dollars crop money to see the sights. He finally wound up in "Deep Elm" (the Harlem of Dallas), where some of the local talent showed him some tricks with the little ivory welfare workers. In time the farm boy decided there was something wrong, and started a "ruckus" which landed the party in the police station.

The police sergeant, an ex-army top kicker, examined the instruments of play and found they were loaded. Turning to the Waco Negro, he asked:

"If I get your money back for you, will you catch the next interurban down yonder to Waco?"

"Cap'n, if you'll gimme mah money an' turn me loose, I'll ketch de one what's done gone!"

AND from Henry K. Tice, Kingsport, Tennessee, Legionnaire comes this one:

Sam brought home a skunk, which he had caught out in the mountains.

"Whar at you gwine keep him?" asked his wife.

"I gwine tie him up under de baid," answered Sam.

"But, Sambo, what about de smell?"

"He'll have to get used to it like I did."



PAUL S. GREEN, a comrade of Douglas, Arizona, is telling one about a force of CWA workers who moved into Fort Huachuca recently. They were encamped on a site previously occupied by the CMTC and the ROTC.

One of the new arrivals saw a mound

marked with a crude crossboard bearing the legend: "Old Latrine."

"Look!" he said to a fellow worker. "Some old man is buried there!"

The fellow worker looked around and saw several similar mounds and similarly marked.

"Great jumping jupiter!" he cried. "They've put us in a cemetery!"

EDITOR Frank Miles, of the *Iowa Legionaire*, tells us the weather was extremely hot out Des Moines way this summer. At a time when the mercury was shooting its highest, the police were trying to capture a nude maniac reported to be running around the streets at night. Among the Legionnaires asked to help search for the culprit was Scotty MacDonald, who gravely shook his head and replied:

"A nude maniac can be found in my house most any time these hot nights."



A LODGE brother had tarried too long over the wine before he decided to go home. Once on his way, he bumped into an iron tree-guard. Clutching the bars, he felt his way around it two or three times.

"Dammit!" he exclaimed. "In the hoosegow again!"

FROM Tom Hayden, Kentucky's veteran Department Adjutant, comes the story of a doctor noted for his laconic speech who met his equal in a woman of few words. She came to him with a hand badly inflamed.

"Burn?" asked the doctor.

"Bruise," the lady replied.

"Poultice," directed the doctor.

The next day the patient returned and the conversation was resumed.

"Better?" inquired the doctor.

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman called again.

"Better?"

"Well, Bill?"

"Nothing!" said the doctor. "Most sensible woman I ever met!"

A FAVORITE yarn told by Harold D. Robinson, double-barreled editor who pilots the *Forty and Eight* and *The American Legion Auxiliary Bulletin*, is about the lady who went into a haberdashery and said:

"I wish to get some collars for my husband, but for the moment I do not remember the size."

"Thirteen and a quarter, madam?" suggested the clerk.

"That's right," replied the customer. "How in the world did you know?"

"Men who let their wives buy their clothes for 'em are most generally about that size."



LITTLE Herbert was swinging back and forth on the front gate when the minister came by.

"My boy," he said, "haven't you some better way to spend this lovely day than by wasting your time in this fashion?"

"I ain't wastin' my time; Sis's beau is paying me two bits an hour to watch for pa."

LEGIONNAIRE Carlton D. Jones, of Uhrichsville, Ohio, had decided to dine on chicken, and was headed toward the execution block with the chicken in one hand, the axe in the other, and his small son tagging along interestedly at his coat tail.

"Daddy, does that chicken know you're going to kill it?" the young hopeful asked.

"No, sonny, I suppose not."

The chicken's head was placed on the block, and with a resounding whack the axe came down.

The boy looked at the chicken flopping around and then piped up to his father:

"Well I bet he knows it now!"



MANY are the stories told about the care General Smedley D. Butler always took in looking after the welfare of the men in his command—especially as regarded their food. One relates that when he was in command of Camp Pontenazen, France, he met two soldiers carrying a large soup kettle from the kitchen.

"Here you," he ordered, "let me taste that!"

"But, Gen—"

"Don't give me any butts—get a spoon!"

"Yes, sir!" the soldier replied, and ran back in the kitchen and brought a spoon.

The general took the desired taste, and gingerly spit it out.

"You don't call that stuff soup, do you?" he shouted.

"No, sir!" replied the soldier. "That's what I was tryin' to tell you—it's dish-water, sir!"



# '18 PLAYS

*By Charles*



"Eyes—right!"

**H**AVE you ever been chosen to serve on your post's entertainment committee? Then you know that gone feeling at the pit of the stomach as you set out to arrange a program for a little dinner or a show. Not much cash in the old tin box, and a critical crowd to please. You're on the spot, and no mistake!

But it might be worse. Just wait till you hear about those lads in Rochester, New York. . . . Suppose you had only a little money—and had to entertain an army! Suppose your guests were five hundred aged veterans who had watched other attempts to entertain them for sixty-seven years.

The problem is simple. All you have to do is to put on a snappy, colorful, thrilling show. You have a twenty-acre polo-field in a city park at your disposal, and can get some temporary bleachers to seat part of the crowd. Local talent is yours if you know where it is and just how to get it; and several small but important items such as motor transportation will have to be arranged. Okay, Committee, sound off!

I sneaked out to that polo grounds in Genesee Valley Park on the afternoon of the day before the show, and gazed around. Very pretty landscape, it seemed to me, but kinda lonesome; an



**Not a Montana roundup, but New York State troopers on exhibition**



**The guests review the Legionnaires, drawn up in battalion front**

elegant place to put somebody on the spot. Namely, perhaps, Legionnaires Howland, Ark, Clancy, Tutty, Bauer, et al.

Here is how the situation shapes up:

One hundred years as an incorporated city is something to celebrate. So, for "thirty dazzling days and nights," Rochester is throwing a birthday party. A centennial exposition, called "A Century on Parade," is just opening at Edgerton Park, presenting a variety of historical and industrial exhibits. In connection, a big pageant, "Pathways of Progress," is playing two performances daily in a large new stadium.

The fair is top-notch. Especially do the crowds of visitors enjoy watching the old mill, with its enormous water-wheel creaking and groaning as it grinds flour in the industrial pavilion; and other old-time features, such as the earliest models of Eastman cameras, and the exhibits of the pioneer merchants of the town grouped around a reproduction of the Courthouse Square of the early City of Rochester.

The pageant, too, is one of the best of its type. And why not? A local boy named Ed Hungerford is the author and producer of it. He is the same Ed Hungerford who was author and producer of the Chicago Fair's "Wings



# HOST *to* '61

*Phelps Cushing*

*Photographs by the Author*



A few of the five hundred  
guests of honor—



—and some of the 7500 who  
came from far and near



Led by a thirteen-year-old  
drum-major



Early Rochester's Courthouse  
Square, reproduced for the  
city's centennial. Below, the  
Eastman Tower, with the Genesee  
River in the foreground

of a Century," and producer of Baltimore's "Fair of the Iron Horse."

Everything in the business section is done up in style; the decorations of bunting and flags scream color everywhere in the sunlight; at night, all the buildings are aglow in response to an appeal to "turn on the lights." Even the window displays of the stores are miniature Centennial exhibits, many of them good enough for anybody's fair.

Also, that same opening week—the week likely to make or break the whole thirty-day celebration—the old soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic have been invited to hold here their 68th National Encampment. (Think of that, Legionnaires, on the eve of your Sixteenth National Convention.



Your 68th won't come until 1986.) Whereupon somebody made the suggestion that a salute might be in order from the veterans of '18 to the veterans of '61. A salute—and it had better be snappy!

So here is where the Legion comes into the picture. The Monroe County Committee of New York State, step front and center, please. Dick, Jake, Bill, George, Andy and Angus, Charlie and Joe, and Ladies of the Aux . . . And how would you like to be in *their* shoes?

Oh, boy, but my heart went out to them on that (Continued on page 46)







## FOR THE LEGION AND FOR THE TOWN

Hughes-Pittenger Post built the log clubhouse, shown on opposite page, at Powell, Wyoming, not only as a home for itself but as a center for its town. In Williamsville, New York, near Buffalo, George F. Lamm Post acquired the home of a gun club and moved it two miles, up hill and down, to make the clubhouse shown at right



pleted the roof. The entire town has helped in our effort, and the building will be used for public affairs of all sorts. "The hut is shaped as a hexagon, with each span of logs more than twenty feet. A large pole in the geometrical center supports the roof."

Another exhibit comes from North Carolina. Past Commander W. G. Gaston of Gastonia Post sends the picture of Memorial Hall, a fine example of the community-center building providing a Legion home. It was financed by a \$75,000 bond issue approved by the people, has an auditorium with 1,000 seats and provides quarters for many other organizations. Gastonia Post, incidentally, is proud of its record in junior baseball. In August it conducted the Eastern Sectional Finals in the Legion's national program.

Jumping from Wyoming and North Carolina to New York, we find George F. Lamm Post of Williamsville, a suburb of Buffalo, in a new home which has a different claim to distinction. It is a long and low building, reminiscent of the recreation halls in the

war-time camps, and Legionnaire W. E. Dixon reports that 3,000 Legionnaires and Auxiliaries used it comfortably during the Erie County convention this summer. But that's not the main point. It's this, in the words of Mr. Dixon:

"We purchased the old Trap and Field Club from the City of Buffalo and moved it approximately two miles over hill and dale (we mean just that—and if you don't believe it just come and see for yourself) to its present location. The members all pitched in and did a lot of grading, painting and interior decorating."

Out in Missouri, Edward Gray Post of Marysville solved its home problem by remodeling a ward school building which had been abandoned when a new central school was constructed. The school board leased the building and grounds to the post. Uncle Sam provided CWA funds and the post got additional money by holding a turkey shoot and raffling off a team of horses.

"Two schoolrooms were thrown together by tearing out a partition and constructing an arch," writes Post Adjutant Loren E. Egley. "The building was rewired, new

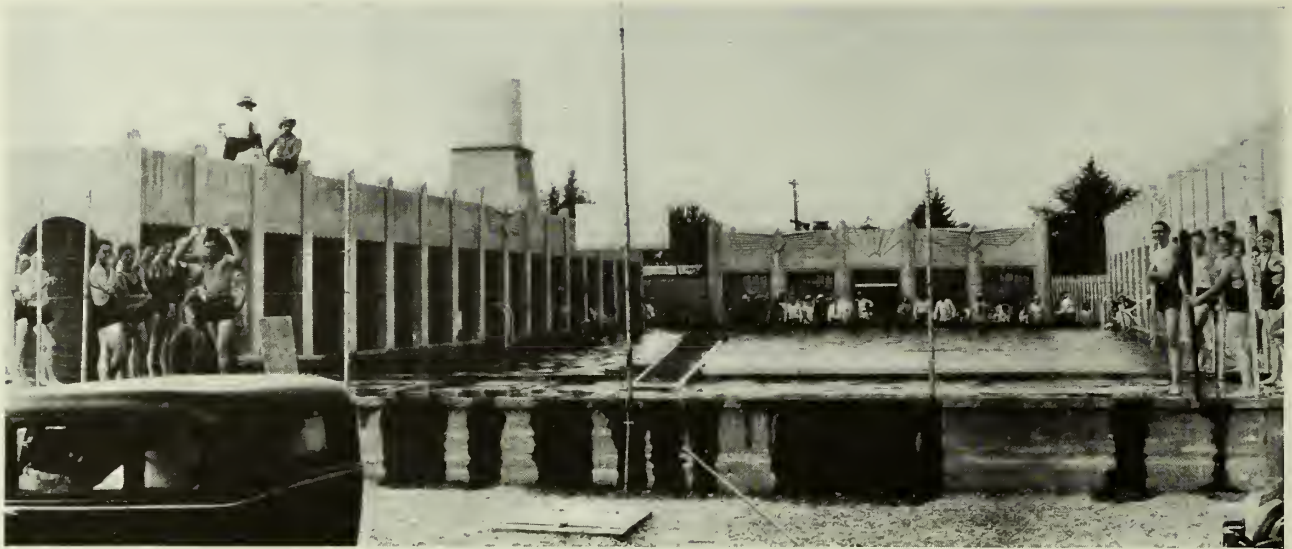
plumbing was installed, all floors were refinished, the entire interior was redecorated. The building and grounds are now a community center, and the children's playground is especially appreciated."

In Arizona, Swift-Murphy Post of Safford has also rendered a notable service to its community. Post Historian G. N. French, in behalf of his energetic outfit, reports:



Gothenburg (Nebraska) Post moved from its original site, log by log, this pony express station built in 1854, and it is now a post clubhouse and community memorial





Hot and dry is the climate at Safford, Arizona, and a community swimming pool is a public necessity. Swift-Murphy Post provided this pool and is building a park and playground beside it

"Our post had dreamed of the day when it could present to the community a swimming pool, park and playground. Costs had seemed prohibitive, however. In this hot, dry climate, a swimming pool is a public necessity. So we didn't give up. We obtained six acres of land from a county board. Our dream has now come true. It came true because we got \$18,000 in CWA funds, raised other money from dances, prize fights, picture shows, magazine subscriptions and so on. We have provided one of the finest swimming pools in the State, and we have work mapped out for the next five years. In a few years we shall have a beautiful city park surrounding the pool."

### *A Town in Arms*

WHILE America's most notorious bandit of this generation was playing hide-go-seek with the police and federal authorities throughout the Middle West and while bank robberies were making newspaper headlines with alarming regularity, a straight tip circulated through the underworld of Chicago. There, where many of the desperate criminal bands met and planned their machine gun and motor expeditions to fearful communities, the word went around: "Stay away from Culver." There was a good reason.

Culver, Indiana, was no longer a rose for the easy-money desperado. It was full of thorns. Danny McGeoghegan and five men who had committed murders in other communities were the first to find it out. They succeeded in rilling the Culver Exchange Bank, but two hours later one of them was dead and five were behind bars. Culver's Community Service Corps, commanded by Culver Post's Past Commander Robert R. Rossow and composed largely of other Legionnaires, had won a victory in its first test.

Culver has had no later attempts at bank robbery, but the corps has kept up its defenses on the theory that some band from outside Chicago might inadvertently come to town. Meanwhile Colonel Rossow, commandant of cadets at Culver Military

Academy, Legionnaire M. R. Robinson, publisher of the *Culver Citizen*, and other Legionnaires went on perfecting a system which has provided a model for communities in many other States.

All able-bodied men of good character are eligible to join the Culver corps, and there is an auxiliary of women who operate tele-

phone exchanges. Fourteen expert marksmen and military men compose a special corps of reinforcements which can be rushed to any danger spot. There is an elaborate system of alarms, both silent and open. All members mobilize at their assigned posts of duty upon an alarm. A system of blocking roads is an important feature. Other even more important arrangements are kept strictly secret.

### *The Legion in Central Park*

IN NEW YORK CITY'S Central Park 8,000 dancers glided and hopped under the open sky on summer nights over the world's largest dance-floor. They danced to the music of a sixteen-piece orchestra. Twelve of the sixteen musicians were members of John Philip Sousa Post of The American Legion, an outfit with ninety-eight members in all, formed after the death of the celebrated bandmaster and Legionnaire to perpetuate his memory. Post Commander Harry Raderman, director of the Central Park dance orchestra in one of the country's most notable civic experiments of 1934 which was launched by direction of New York's Legionnaire mayor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, found another outlet for his musical energy this summer. He began preliminary work which he hoped might lead to the formation of an official band of the New York Department, a band which would include not only celebrated musicians who are members of his own post but also the best players of other notable Legion musical organizations in his State.

### *Winter Firewood*

COLD winds will soon be blowing in from the Atlantic over Ocean County, New Jersey, and in hundreds of homes of fourteen towns cordwood will be loaded into stoves. Fires will be lighted to burn all winter long. All because a year ago Joseph Clifton Post of Point Pleasant foresaw the winter's needs of its community, still suffering from continued unemployment, and erected a saw-mill, using as power the motor of a Ford truck. So successful was the post in its early operation of the wood-cutting plant that an electric motor was donated later by a local hard-





ware company and free power to operate it was given by a power and light company. Then Emergency Relief and CWA officials came forward and took over the plant from the post.

"Before the winter ended," writes Post Adjutant J. Collins Cramer, "500 cords of firewood had been delivered to needy folks of Point Pleasant and the northeastern section of Ocean County, including fourteen towns. Another 500 cords had been stored in the Legion yards."

### Service Record

SANTA ANA (California) Post is not only proud of the fact that it has maintained an average membership of 500 to 600 during the fifteen years of its post history but it wonders whether any other post of the Legion can equal another record it holds. Reports Past Commander Charles D. Van Wyck:

"We now have in office our sixteenth Commander and all our Past Commanders are still members of the post and active in Legion affairs. They are all living in Santa Ana and actively engaged in business or their various professions."

Post Photographer Leo Tiede backs up Past Commander Van Wyck's claim with an exhibit of photographs of all sixteen Past Commanders—a collection which certainly suggests that other outfits might well preserve photographic records of leaders.

### In Longwood Gardens

LIKE brilliantly-colored paintings by Maxfield Parrish, the characters of the Arabian Nights came to life amid great fountains and the dim shadows of trees. Lightning flashed and flickered on the horizon and there was the distant rumble of thunder. All this during six nights of June when more than 10,000 persons sat in the open-air theater of the famed Longwood Gardens of Pierre S. du Pont at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.



Memorial Hall, the home of Gastonia Post in Gastonia, North Carolina, reflects the current fashion of building Legion clubhouses which are centers of community affairs

They saw the fifth annual pageant staged in the garden under the auspices of William W. Fahey Post of The American Legion. It was a show which enhanced the fame which the post's annual production, made possible by the generosity of Mr. du Pont, has won throughout its own State and surrounding States. The gardens are regarded as the finest in the United States.

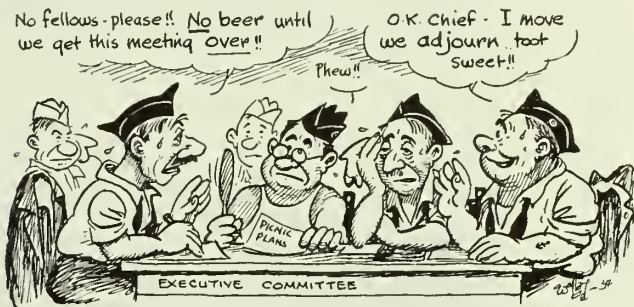
As evidence of the popularity of the annual pageant—the theme, incidentally, is different each year—Legionnaire L. M.

Anderson reports the receipts this June were more than \$12,000. The post's profits were \$5,300. Twenty special buses and 3,798 automobiles were counted entering the grounds on the pageant evenings.

The post uses its pageant profits in helping pay for the Kennett Legion Memorial Building.

### American Education Week

THE thousands of American Legion posts which year after year have been giving to the people of their communities messages for better schools as a part of the Legion's annual



observance of American Education Week will find an unusual opportunity in this year's American Education Week—November 5th to 11th. For education has been brought to a crossroads by the depression. One road leads to additional curtailments of school service, further reductions in salaries of teachers, further extension of the undemocratic doctrines on the function of popular education advocated by taxpayers' false friends. The other road is the road of traditional American principles, with main-

tenance of facilities which have proved their worth, protection of those who have given their lives to the profession of teaching, educational opportunity for all children.

Last year through the efforts of the Legion and other organizations co-operating with the National Education Association between eight and nine million persons took part in the observance of American Education Week, and in New York City alone more than a half million people visited the schools. The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion at the Legion's National Headquarters in Indianapolis will send to any post material which will assist it in planning this year's observance, and similar material may be obtained from the National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

### For Convention Goers

HERE are some last-minute invitations addressed to Legionnaires who will attend the Miami National Convention, October 22d to 25th.

At the crossroads of the world, on the Panama Canal, the Department of Panama sends word that it wishes to entertain convention-bound delegations passing through the canal. "If the delegations will let us know the name of the steamship line and the name of the ship, and the (Continued on page 62)



# "FATE UNKNOWN"



The mystery ship of the war—the U. S. Collier *Cyclops*—which disappeared after leaving Barbados, March 4, 1918, en route from Brazil to Baltimore. This snapshot by ex-Gob E. B. Spencer is probably the last picture taken of the ship

WAR losses, probably because of the vital interest of everyone in the outcome of actual engagements between contending armies, are usually considered only from the viewpoint of actual battle casualties.

Therefore we always speak in terms of the thousands of men killed in action and who died of wounds, those who died of disease and accidents, and the tens of thousands wounded in action.

There the statement usually ends. But what of the losses at sea? Let us consider them. Not taking into account American shipping that was part of the toll of the Germans before we entered the World War, we find that forty-nine of our Naval vessels, including transports, cargo ships, tankers and submarine chasers, were lost through submarine attack, mines, collisions, burning, and foundering, with a loss of 1,142 lives. In addition 151 American merchant vessels of more than 300,000 tonnage, with fatalities totaling 409, were sunk by submarines or mines or by raiders.

Of the 200 American ships lost, the Navy Department has record of the cause of the loss of 199. Opposite the name of one of the ships, however, appears the brief and dramatic statement, "Fate unknown."

This vessel, the collier *Cyclops*, was a unit of the N. O. T. S.—the Naval Overseas Transportation Service. Above we see what was probably the last picture taken of her. The print came from Legionnaire E. B. Spencer of Greensboro, North Carolina, with this report:

"I have read a lot about the mystery ship, the *Cyclops*, and have been intending to send in the two enclosed snaps of her a long time ago but have just gotten around to it.

"One was taken while she was tied up at the Navy Yard in

Norfolk, Virginia, and the other just after she had passed through the sub nets at Cape Henry, or possibly off Cape Hatteras. These snaps were made by me from the deck of the good ship U. S. S. *Bellows*, a mine-sweeper, better known as the flag ship of Squadron Three of the Fifth Naval District. I believe these probably were the last pictures made of the *Cyclops* before her mysterious disappearance—they were taken during the fall of 1917.

"The *Bellows* was used for everything under the sun from towing sub-chasers to laying submarine nets from Cape Henry to Cape Charles; also last but not least she did a lot of mine-sweeping.

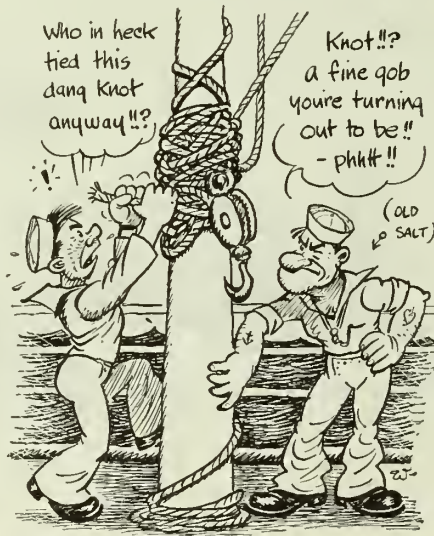
"I am not quite sure just where the picture of the *Cyclops* out at sea was snapped, but perhaps some of the other gobs from the *Bellows* who see the picture can give us more dope. I always had several prints made of each picture I took and either gave them away or sold them for smokes."

FROM former Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels's book, "Our Navy at War," we glean the following:

"Sailing from Bahia, Brazil, the *Cyclops*, carrying a cargo of manganese, was bound for Baltimore. She was proceeding steadily, with no indication of any doubt as to her seaworthiness . . . On

March 4th (1918) the collier put into Barbados, British West Indies, to take aboard coal for the rest of her voyage . . . Among officers, crew and passengers there seemed to be no apprehension or foreboding of trouble or disaster. After coaling, she sailed away. Many persons saw her sail, other vessels hailed her as she passed out to sea.

"After that no one ever saw the *Cyclops* again, or heard one word, or ever found any trace of her. Almost invariably, when a





vessel is sunk, bodies of the drowned are found, and a mass of floating wreckage. But never a soul of all those on the big 10,000-ton collier, never a stick of wreckage or one thing from the lost ship was ever discovered.

"The whole area was searched for weeks, scores of vessels joined in the hunt, rewards were offered for the discovery of anything concerning the missing collier. Nothing was ever found. She had disappeared completely, leaving not a trace.

"Three hundred and nine men perished when the *Cyclops* went down. In addition to her officers and crew, she was bringing north some 72 naval personnel who had been serving on United States vessels in South American waters, as well as a few civilians, returning from Brazil . . .

"What happened to her? There were many theories, most of them wild and untenable; none that seemed to fit the case thoroughly. Many people jumped to the conclusion that she was sunk by a submarine, but, so far as known, there was no submarine anywhere near that region . . .

"The only theory that seems tenable is that the *Cyclops* was caught in a sudden West Indian hurricane; that her cargo shifted, listing the vessel, which turned turtle and went down. This is the only way in which seamen account for the absence of wreckage. Our colliers of that type have high steel beams like cranes, with chains of buckets to load and unload coal. If she went down bottom-side up, these huge steel fingers may have pinned down everything on deck,

allowing nothing to float to the surface. But, like everything else connected with the case, that is all conjecture . . ."

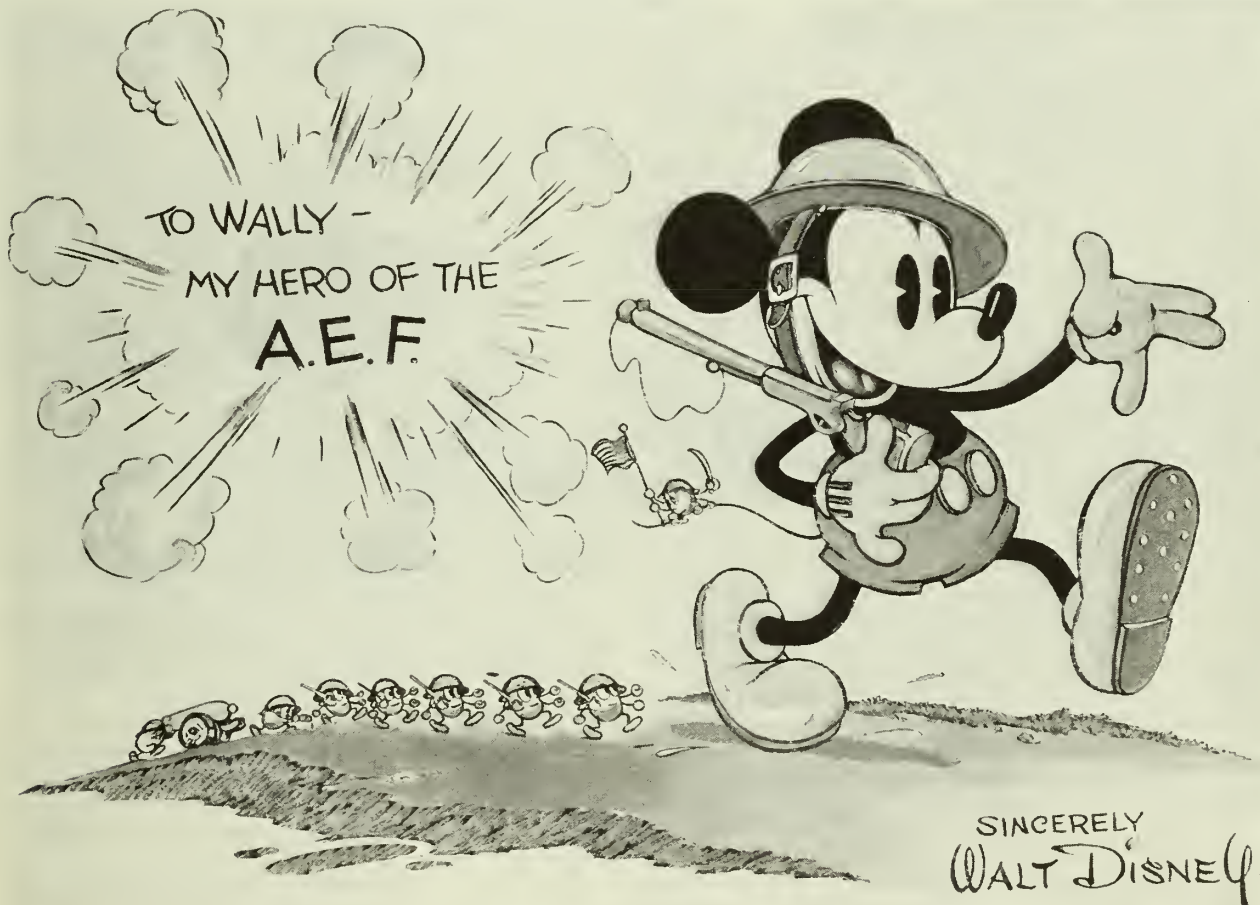
There seems to be some question, also, as to the number of men whose lives were lost when the *Cyclops* disappeared. In a footnote in "A History of the Transport Service," by Vice Admiral Albert Gleaves, U. S. N., telling of the *Cyclops*, it is stated that she carried "a crew of 293 officers and men." In the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy for the fiscal year 1918, appears a list of 221 officers and men of the ship and a passenger list of 51, the total number of dead being given as 272.



THE humble Company Clerk takes particular pride this month in welcoming to the Then and Now Gang two men who need no introduction. Mickey and Minnie Mouse, the Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf are international characters, and their creator, Walt Disney, has deservedly gained world wide fame. What, up until recently, we didn't know about Walt Disney is that he saw a year of service in France starting in November, 1918.

The other fellow who needs even less introduction to our audience is Wally.

Abian A. Wallgren is the name, if you must know it, as it appears on official records of the Marine Corps, in which he enlisted almost simultaneously with our country's enlistment for the duration of the World War. In January, 1918, after struggling through a training period with the Fifth Regiment of Marines, Wally was transferred to the staff of *The Stars and*



Here we see what one cartoonist thinks of another cartoonist whose contribution to the overseas Stars and Stripes was invaluable as an A. E. F. morale-builder. Walt Disney of Three Little Pigs fame salutes ex-Marine Wallgren





Something different in the way of prison camps. The above camp near Richelieu, France, might have borne a sign, "For Officers Only," since 1400 captured German officers were the guests here of O. P. W. E. Companies 81, 254 and 255

*Stripes*, the official weekly newspaper of the A. E. F., which was then just getting under way.

Wally's cartoons were as eagerly awaited by the A. E. F.—and are still as eagerly awaited by the Legion—each week as Walt Disney's animated cartoons are looked for by present-day movie audiences.

The Walt Disney tribute to Wally, which we are permitted to display, was sent to Wally a few weeks ago. We asked Walt Disney how come he remembered Wally's cartoons of 1918-19, thinking him too young to be a veteran, and this is what he told us:

"My war service amounts to practically nothing. I was sixteen years old when I joined the Red Cross in Chicago, in August, 1918, but I did not sail for France until the following November, so I got over too late for any real active service, although I spent a year in France driving ambulances and trucks, and chauffeuring Red Cross officials. Much of this time I was located in Paris and Neufchâteau.

"I am not a member of The American Legion, due to the fact that all my service was as a civilian. There seem to be some restrictions in The American Legion against civilians who served with the Army . . .

"One thing that I could never understand is why the Legion barred the volunteer workers, such as Red Cross men, from their organization. The men I knew and met in the Red Cross in France were men who were disabled in some manner, such as having only one eye, arm or leg, or who were above or below the Army age, which made them ineligible for service in the Army, but who, nevertheless, were determined to do something to help the cause."

THERE was one sign used all too frequently in service that always roused the wrath of us underlings. That was "For Officers Only." We are now surprised to learn that that ruling was carried to an extent we hadn't even suspected during the war. Get this, fellows: There was even a prison camp conducted in the A. E. F. where only captured enemy officers were guests. A picture of the camp is reproduced in this department and

Legionnaire F. E. Goettel of Westlay, Wisconsin, tells us about it:

"In your department I have never noticed any pictures of our O. P. W. E. outfit—the 'O. P. W. E.' standing for Officer Prisoners of War Escort. There were three companies, the 81st, 254th and 255th and I believe we had the only German officer prisoners in the A. E. F. I suppose the major that Sergeant York captured was among them.

"I think we had about 1400 German officers in our camp. We had a few aviators who were aces and also some other big shots. We never paid much attention to their names or who they were—

our job was to keep them inside the inclosure. Many of them were mighty nice fellows and said they would like to come to the United States. So I suppose quite a number of them may now be here. Our trusties were a couple of German lieutenants—one had lived in New York for twelve years, the other for fifteen years.

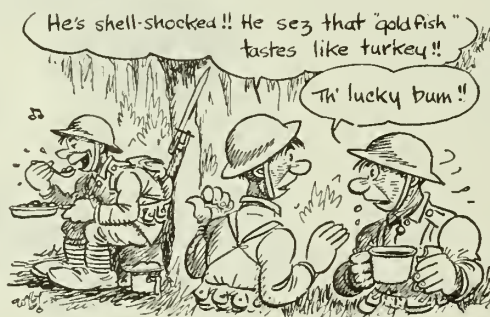
"The enclosed snapshot shows the camp, which was just outside of Richelieu, France, west of Tours. It was taken in December, 1918. Later, in the spring of 1919, we sent the disabled

officers back to Germany as they were not fit for further service even if things had started up again.

"I would like to hear from some of the old outfit, especially Captain Young and Lieutenant Terry, formerly of O. P. W. E. Company 255."

TO commemorate the splendid achievements of the Second Division, United States Army, in the World War, Congress, in January, 1931, authorized the erection of a monument by the Second Division Memorial Association in Washington, D. C. It will be placed in the President's Park on the north side of the Mall.

The picture on page 59 shows General James G. Harbord, retired, now chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, viewing a small-scale model of the memorial. General Harbord, president of the Memorial Association, commanded the Marine Brigade of the Second Division in the fighting at Belleau Wood, near Château-Thierry, and (Continued on page 57)





# *A 75 car salute to the* **AMERICAN LEGION**



Proudly and gladly  
Chevrolet again supplies  
the automobiles that  
hurry Legion Officials  
swiftly and comfortably  
about their manifold  
duties.



Again Chevrolet has been given the privilege of contributing to the success of another Legion Convention. Seventy-five big, comfortable, Knee-Action Chevrolets have been placed at the service of Legion officials to assist them in attending to the many details that make each Convention more memorable than the last. When you see these headquarters cars threading their way through heavy traffic, watch how easily they handle. And if you have an opportunity to ride in one, give a little thought to its performance. If you do these things, you will readily understand why Chevrolet can count so many Legionnaires among its friends. And you may also make the worthwhile discovery that the Chevrolet is exactly the kind of car you have wanted for a long, long time.

# CHEVROLET



# RIGHTS *and* BENEFITS

*provided for*

WORLD WAR VETERANS AND THEIR DEPENDENTS

*under*

LEGISLATION OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

*Compiled by* CARL C. BROWN

*National Service Officer, The American Legion*

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY published as a 32-page supplement with the issue for August, 1932, a summary of the rights and benefits provided for World War service men and their dependents under the legislation and regulations of the Federal Government and the forty-eight States. The passage of the Economy Act in March, 1933, and other legislation enacted by Congress subsequently have made obsolete much of the information regarding Federal laws and regulations published in the summary for 1932.

To bring up-to-date the knowledge which the average Legionnaire has of the provisions made by the

Federal Government, the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion has prepared the accompanying new summary, comprising eight pages. It applies only to rights of World War veterans. It is not intended as a complete guide, but rather as a useful means of acquainting Legionnaires with the important facts about Federal legislation which every member should know. A Post Service Officers' Manual is now being prepared by the National Rehabilitation Committee for the guidance of Post Service Officers and other Legion officials who must possess comprehensive knowledge of laws and procedure.

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## BASIC FEDERAL LAWS

THE BASIC FEDERAL provisions for World War veterans and their dependents are contained in a series of laws and regulations which are classified and identified as follows:

1. The World War Veterans Act, as amended (repealed, saved and re-enacted in part).

2. Public Law No. 2, 73d Congress, known as the Economy Act, approved March 20, 1933.

3. Public No. 78, 73d Congress, modifying the Economy Act, approved June 16, 1933.

4. Public No. 141, 73d Congress, the most important amendments to the Economy Act, embodying most of the Legion's Four Point Program, approved March 28, 1934.

5. Public No. 484, 73d Congress, the Widows' and Children's Compensation Act, approved June 28, 1934.

6. The World War Adjusted Compensation Act, as amended.

7. Twelve Executive Orders (Regulations issued by the President) and Veterans Administration Instructions and Administrative Rules. These are highly

technical and govern details under the laws passed by Congress.

NOTE: Copies of these laws and twelve Executive Orders may be procured from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., upon payment of prescribed charges.

## THE END OF THE ECONOMY ACT

THE WORLD WAR VETERANS ACT, as amended, was until March 20, 1933, the basis for all allowances to disabled World War veterans and their dependents. On that date Congress enacted the Economy Act, "An Act to Maintain the Credit of The United States" (Public No. 2, 73d Congress), thereby repealing all prior laws relating to medical and hospital treatment, domiciliary care, compensation and other allowances, pension, disability allowance and yearly renewable term insurance. Certain sections of the World War Veterans Act relating to the operation and procedure of the Veterans Administration were not repealed.

March 20, 1933, marked the end of the old system of veterans' legislation embodied in the World War Veterans Act,

and the beginning of a new system embodied in the Economy Act. That new system lasted little over a year, however, for March 28, 1934, marked the ending of the Economy Act provisions and their replacement by the provisions embodied in the amendments to the Independent Offices Appropriation Act which were based on the Legion's Four Point Program. We shall not deal here with the legislation of the transition period—the year between March 20, 1933, and March 28, 1934. This summary deals with legislation in effect at the time it is prepared—August, 1934.

## VETERAN'S PRINCIPAL RIGHTS

THESE ARE THE major benefits allowable to World War veterans and their dependents under existing law:

1. Disability compensation for disabilities resulting from disease or injury incurred in World War military service.

2. Pension for permanent total disability not incurred in war service.

3. Hospitalization, treatment and domiciliary care for World War veterans with service-connected disabilities, and,

KEEP THIS SUMMARY FOR YOUR FUTURE REFERENCE



so far as Veterans Administration facilities may permit, for those with non-service-connected disabilities.

4. Compensation for dependents of men who died in service and men who after discharge have died from service-connected disabilities.

5. Compensation for dependent widows and children of men who die from some disability not service incurred, but who at the time of death were entitled to receive compensation or other payment for some service incurred disability ratable at thirty percent or more.

6. Government Life Insurance, available to World War veterans who are insurable risks in standard types of policies.

7. Funeral and burial allowance when the net assets of a deceased veteran's estate do not exceed \$1,000.

8. Burial in a National Cemetery.

9. Government headstone, available when veteran's grave has not been suitably marked.

10. Adjusted Compensation.

## VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

THE VETERANS ADMINISTRATION has complete jurisdiction over all rights and benefits allowable to war veterans. It operates a Central Office in Washington, D. C., Regional Offices in the various States, Veterans Administration Hospitals and Homes and directs the care of many veterans in Army and Navy Hospitals, State and private hospitals.

## AMERICAN LEGION SERVICES

THE AMERICAN LEGION maintains a service organization which falls into three main divisions. First is the country-wide system directly under the control of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion. The second division is composed of the service workers representing the State Departments of the Legion, many of them maintained by funds appropriated by State Legislatures. The third division is composed of the Service Officers of the more than 10,000 posts.

The National Rehabilitation Committee is a permanent agency maintained by The American Legion to conserve the interests of World War veterans and their dependents. Its primary duties are to assist veterans and their dependents to obtain payment of their just claims under the various laws relating to the relief of veterans, and to afford personal representation to these claimants before the appellate agencies of the Veterans Administration; to contact and study all Veterans Administration activities, including Regional Offices and hospitals; and to coordinate the Legion's effort in behalf of the disabled with that of the Federal Government in all of its agencies having to do with the welfare of disabled veterans and their dependents.

The principal office of the committee is in Washington at 1608 K Street, N. W., and field offices in charge of Field Secretaries are located at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and Portland.

In the offices of the National Rehabilitation Committee in Washington, close to the Central Office of the Veterans Administration, are Legion service experts who have specialized in every phase of the assistance the Government provides for veterans. They are accustomed to handling problems involving highly technical aspects of both law and medicine.

Each post of the Legion is expected to have a Post Service Officer who is qualified to give disabled service men and their dependents assistance in preparing and submitting claims. The Post Service Officer usually can handle all simple claims direct with the Regional Office of the Administration. He will, however, maintain liaison with the State Service Officer and the National Rehabilitation Committee's office in Washington, so that he may enlist expert assistance when the nature of a claim requires it. Contacts with the National Rehabilitation Committee should always be through the State Service Officer except in emergency matters relating to claims arising from death or on emergency appeal cases.

## POWER OF ATTORNEY

THE AMERICAN LEGION cannot appear before the Veterans Administration as advocate for a disabled veteran or his dependent without a power of attorney granting authority so to act. A claimant may have only one advocate before the Veterans Administration. Post Service Officers and officials should always bear in mind when they accept a power of attorney in the name of The American Legion to act for any person that they are accepting, on the part of the organization, a very definite responsibility which cannot be slighted. Of course the burden of this responsibility must fall upon the full-time service employees, but the Post officials should always stand ready to furnish promptly any additional assistance or information which may be required for the completion of the case. (P-22 is power of attorney form.)

## APPLICATION FOR BENEFITS

CLAIMS FOR COMPENSATION or other benefits allowable to a disabled veteran should be filed with the Regional Office of the Veterans Administration for the State in which the applicant lives.

Application for hospitalization should be filed with the nearest Veterans Administration hospital or combined facility.

All claims for benefits allowable to dependents of a deceased veteran should be filed with the Central Office, Veter-

ans Administration, Washington, D. C.

Applications for adjusted compensation should be filed with War or Navy Department. Loans may be secured from the Regional Office of the Veterans Administration having jurisdiction, and beneficiaries' claim after death of veteran should be filed with the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

Proper forms for claiming any benefit may be secured from any Regional Office of the Veterans Administration, the State or Department Service Officer and in many instances from local Post Service Officers.

Most of the forms used by the Veterans Administration are reasonably easy to complete, but considerable care should be taken in answering the required questions so that proper action may be taken when they are filed. Most American Legion Posts have service officers who will gladly assist in the proper preparation of claims. Each State has a State or Department Service Officer, whose duty it is to assist all veterans with the preparation and completion of their claims.

Claims requiring attention in the Central Office of the Veterans Administration or those which present very unusual problems may be sent to the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Claimants and Post Service Officers should always work through their State or Department Service Officers.

## COMPENSATION FOR WAR DISABILITIES

THIS BENEFIT is allowable under Regulation 1 (a), Public Numbers 2 and 78 or Section 200 of the World War Veterans Act as re-enacted by Public 141.

The Veterans Administration will pay disability compensation to a World War veteran suffering from a disability of ten percent or more which is connected with war service. The applicant for disability compensation must prove that his disability is due to injury or disease incurred in, traceable to or aggravated by military service incurred in line of duty and not due to his own willful misconduct.

**ELIGIBILITY.** This benefit is available to officers and enlisted men and women of the Army and Navy and Marine Corps who were in the active military service of the United States for any period between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918 (for those who served in Russia, before April 2, 1920), who were honorably discharged. It is not available to deserters, aliens or conscientious objectors who refused to perform military duty or refused to wear the uniform or those discharged after being found guilty by a court martial of mutiny, treason, spying or any offense involving moral turpitude or willful and persistent misconduct.



Men called for service under the Selective Service Act but who were rejected and given a Discharge from the Draft, and those who enlisted but were not accepted for military service are not "veterans" within the meaning of the law and are only entitled to compensation for disabilities actually incurred in or definitely aggravated by such service. Neither are they eligible for hospitalization or domiciliary care except for a service incurred disability.

In addition to officers and enlisted men, the benefit is open to persons of many groups of special services, but it is not open to certain other groups such as: Cadets of West Point and midshipmen of the Naval Academy who were not assigned to active service, cadets and cadet engineers of the Coast Guard not assigned to active service, members of the Russian Railway Service Corps, draftsmen in the Engineer Corps, field clerks of the Engineer Corps and civilian field clerks of the Signal Corps.

**APPLICATION.** A formal application for disability compensation consists of an application on Veterans Administration form 526 or P-1, and a certified true copy of the applicant's discharge certificate on form 545.

**SERVICE CONNECTION.** Establishing proof of service connection is the fundamental requirement for this benefit. The military record of the claimant and such supplementary evidence as he can submit, such as affidavits of those who served with him or physicians who attended him, must contain the facts upon which the claim of service connection of a disability is based.

**PREFERRED GROUPS.** The process of establishing service connection is simplified for certain disabilities which can be proved to have developed to a degree of ten percent or more before January 1, 1925. The law specifically grants this presumption of service origin in cases of neuro-psychiatric disease, spinal meningitis, an active tuberculous disease, paralysis agitans, encephalitis lethargica or amoebic dysentery developed to a degree of ten percent or more before January 1, 1925. This presumption of service connection is rebuttable and if service connection is granted under this provision only seventy-five percent of the amount payable for a directly service incurred disability is allowed.

Another class of disabilities arising out of what are generally known as "chronic constitutional diseases" may be granted direct service connection if shown to have existed within twelve months after discharge from military service.

**BASIS FOR PAYMENT.** The rate of payment of disability compensation varies with the degree of disability and the handicap imposed, and pre-enlistment occupation is an important factor in the determination. The law provides that ratings shall be based as far as practicable on the average impairment of earning

capacity resulting from comparable injuries in civil occupations similar to the occupation of the injured man at the time he entered the service, and not upon impairment of earning capacity in each individual case.

Disabilities are classified as total or partial disability and as permanent or temporary.

The law makes many special monetary provisions for men suffering disabilities of the more serious descriptions. For example, it directs that they shall be supplied with wheel chairs, trusses, artificial limbs or other special appliances if needed.

### PENSION FOR PERMANENT TOTAL NON-SERVICE CONNECTED DISABILITY

THIS BENEFIT IS payable under Part III, Regulation 1 (a), Public No. 2, 73d Congress, to those who are permanently totally disabled and who are unable to prove that their disabilities are due to war service.

#### REQUIREMENTS:

Honorable discharge.

Service between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918.

Service of ninety days or more; except, if discharged in less than ninety days, for disability incurred in line of duty.

Permanent and total disability must be actual and not the result of own misconduct.

Unmarried persons with an annual income in excess of \$1,000 and married persons or those with minor children with an annual income in excess of \$2,500, are not eligible for this benefit.

Form P-2 is used for claiming.

### HOSPITALIZATION AND DOMICILIARY CARE

ALL VETERANS of the World War who have service connected disabilities are entitled to medical treatment or hospitalization when needed for the care of the service connected disability.

If treatment for service connected disability, not requiring hospitalization, is needed, it may be given by a designated physician at the place of the veteran's residence, and in emergencies, service connected disabilities may be cared for in private hospitals. *These special benefits must be authorized by the Veterans Administration in advance of treatment or hospitalization. Otherwise the Veterans Administration cannot pay for it.* Telephonic or telegraphic authority may be secured by contacting the Regional Office having jurisdiction.

Where the disability requiring hospitalization or domiciliary care is not due to service such care may be obtained where the following qualifications are met:

1. (a) Honorable discharge.

(b) Service between April 6, 1917, and

date of Armistice, November 11, 1918.

(c) Service of ninety days or more; except, if discharged in less than ninety days, for a disability incurred in line of duty.

(d) No adequate means of support.

(e) Must be suffering with a permanent disability, tuberculous or neuro-psychiatric disease or some condition requiring emergency or extensive hospital treatment.

2. Veterans not dishonorably discharged, regardless of length of service, who swear they are unable to pay for necessary hospital or domiciliary care and who need hospital or domiciliary care for any disability, disease or defect.

3. Retired officers and enlisted men may also be cared for in Veterans Administration facilities under special rules.

Transportation to and from a government facility will be paid by the Veterans Administration if the applicant is unable to pay this cost. *All transportation expense must be authorized in advance of travel, otherwise the Veterans Administration has no authority to reimburse.*

Form P-10 is used to secure hospitalization or domiciliary care. It must be completed in every detail and sent to the nearest Veterans Administration hospital or combined facility. The physician's statement should be carefully executed so that the Veterans Administration may fairly determine if such care is needed.

Where any disabled person having neither wife, child nor dependent parent is being furnished hospital treatment, institutional or domiciliary care by the United States or any political subdivision thereof, the pension, compensation or emergency officers' retirement pay shall not exceed \$15 per month for service connected cases or \$6 per month for non-service connected cases. When such person does have a wife, child or dependent parent the balance of the pension, compensation or emergency officers' retirement pay may be paid to the dependent upon application by the dependent.

Women war veterans may be hospitalized in private hospitals when no Veterans Administration facility is feasibly available or when the physical or mental condition of such veteran will not permit transfer from a private hospital to a Veterans Administration facility. Arrangements for such care must be specifically authorized by the proper Veterans Administration official, usually through the Regional Office.

### COMPENSATION FOR DEPENDENTS WHERE DEATH IS DUE TO SERVICE CONNECTED DISABILITY

THE VETERANS ADMINISTRATION will pay dependency compensation to a dependent of a World War veteran who died in service or who died subsequent to discharge from some injury or disease for which he received or was entitled to



receive disability compensation. This benefit can be paid even though claim establishing proof of service connection was filed after death.

**ELIGIBILITY.** Those entitled to dependency compensation arising from death are widow, child or children, dependent mother or father.

The widow and children are not required to establish actual dependency. Parents, however, must supply proof of actual dependency.

Widows who married veterans later than July 2, 1931, are excluded from this benefit. Children from such marriages are not excluded, however. A widower is entitled to the benefit whenever his condition is such that if the deceased person were living he would have been dependent upon her for support.

**PROCEDURE.** Administration Form P-4 is used in making application for death dependency compensation. On it appear certain questions bearing on the existence of dependency of relatives other than widow or children. These relate to incapacity of the dependent, age, income, property, household expenses and so on. The answers will enable the Administration to determine whether the parents or others would have been dependent upon the deceased veteran had he lived.

**PROOF OF RELATIONSHIP.** The right of dependents of a deceased veteran to compensation is based upon the relationship, so that proof of this relationship must be made in a manner acceptable to the Government.

Proof of relationship or death is made by certified copies of public records of birth, marriage or death. If such records are not obtainable the Veterans Administration will give complete instructions as to acceptable secondary evidence.

#### COMPENSATION FOR DEPENDENTS WHERE DEATH NOT DUE TO SERVICE CONNECTED DISABILITY BUT VETERAN WAS RECEIVING COMPENSATION AT TIME OF DEATH

**PERSONS ELIGIBLE** are a widow, a child or children. Parents are not eligible.

Requirements are as follows:

The veteran must have served between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918; if service was in Russia, before April 2, 1920.

Veteran must have been entitled, at time of death, to receive pension, compensation or emergency officers' retirement pay for a directly service incurred disability of 30 percent or more.

Cause of death is immaterial, if not due to misconduct.

Applicant must have been exempt from payment of Federal income tax for the year preceding that in which application is filed.

Veterans Administration Form P-5 and Form 5205 are used to claim this

benefit and should be filed with Central Office, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

#### ADJUSTED COMPENSATION

THE WORLD WAR ADJUSTED COMPENSATION ACT was approved by Congress on May 19, 1924. Amendments to the Act, liberalizing certain provisions, including the loan privilege, have been adopted.

**HOW TO OBTAIN.** The same application, Form W. W. C. 1, is provided for veterans of all branches of service. Forms may be obtained from most Legion posts, from Department Headquarters of the Legion, or from Regional Offices of the Veterans Administration. The completed form is sent to the proper service department, that is, the Army or the Navy.

*Applications may be filed up to and including January 2, 1935. It is essential that a veteran who has not made application do so promptly, as failure to apply during his lifetime makes the amount paid to eligible dependents, who may need the compensation, considerably less.*

**PAYMENT IN CASH.** In cases where the adjusted service credit, or compensation, amounts to \$50 or less, payment is made in cash. Claims of dependents of deceased veterans whose compensation would have amounted to \$50 or less are paid in cash.

**ADJUSTED SERVICE CERTIFICATES.** In all cases where the adjusted service credit amounts to more than \$50, Adjusted Service Certificates, payable in full at the end of a twenty-year period from date of issue, are given to veterans.

**ELIGIBILITY.** Veterans of the World War who served below the rank of major in the Army or Marine Corps and lieutenant commander in the Navy, with some exceptions, and who were honorably discharged, are eligible for adjusted compensation.

**ELIGIBILITY OF DEPENDENTS.** Where the service man did not have an opportunity to, or failed to, apply for adjusted compensation, the adjusted service credit, only, may be paid in ten quarterly installments to the widow, child or children, dependent mother or father. Application by dependents should be made on Form W. W. C. 1, which should be filed with the War or Navy Department.

**LOAN VALUES.** Under the provisions of the original Act, the adjusted compensation certificate has a loan value, indicated on the face of it, two years after date of issuance—the value increasing each year thereafter. This loan may be obtained from any of the Regional Offices of the Veterans Administration.

The Act's amendment of February 27, 1931, permits a loan up to fifty percent of the value of the certificate on the same terms and in the same manner as previous loans were made.

#### PAYMENT TO BENEFICIARY.

When the adjusted compensation certificate becomes a claim as a result of death of the holder, the value of it, less any loan and interest, is payable by the Central Office of the Veterans Administration. If the beneficiary is known, Form 582 should be filled out and signed by the beneficiary, using his or her full name. The certificate, with a properly certified copy of the veteran's death certificate, should be mailed to the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C., for settlement. If the beneficiary does not have the certificate available, a copy of the veteran's death record, properly certified, should be sent to the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C., with explanation of why the certificate is not submitted. Form 582, with instructions, will then be furnished.

**BENEFICIARIES.** A veteran to whom an adjusted service certificate has been regularly issued may name more than one beneficiary to receive the proceeds of the certificate, and may, from time to time, with the approval of the Administrator, change such beneficiaries. The persons designated shall share equally unless otherwise specified.

A change in beneficiary to be valid must be made:

(a) By notice signed by the veteran, or his duly authorized agent, and submitted to the Veterans Administration during the lifetime of the veteran.

(b) By the last will and testament of the veteran, duly probated.

It is provided, however, that any payment made to a beneficiary of record before notice of change of beneficiary has been received by the Administration and approved by the Administrator, shall not be made again to the more-recently named beneficiary.

#### BURIAL EXPENSES

A FLAG TO DRAPE the casket of any honorably discharged war veteran shall be furnished upon application. After burial it is to be given to the next of kin. A flag may be secured from any Veterans Administration Facility or county seat post office.

Requirements to secure burial allowance:

Honorable discharge. (This is not necessary if the deceased veteran was receiving pension or compensation at time of his death.)

Service between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918; except if veteran served in Russia, before April 2, 1920.

**NOTE:** *This benefit is allowable to all war veterans and no American Legion Post should allow a veteran of any former war to be improperly buried, providing eligibility for this allowance is evident.*

A veteran's net assets, exclusive of debts, accrued pension, compensation or



insurance due at time of death, must not exceed \$1,000.

No deduction is made from the sum allowed because of contributions toward funeral and burial (including transportation) made by a State or other political sub-division, lodge, union, fraternal organization, etc.—but aggregate of all sums allowed shall not exceed the actual cost.

The amount payable is \$100, which covers burial and general expenses and transportation of the body.

When death occurs in a Veterans Administration Facility, the Veterans Administration will pay the actual cost of burial and funeral, not to exceed \$100, and transport the body to the place of residence or nearest National Cemetery.

Veterans Administration form P-91 is used to claim this benefit. It requires the exercise of considerable care for proper completion.

*BURIAL CLAIMS MUST BE FILED WITHIN ONE YEAR AFTER THE VETERAN'S DEATH AND IF CLAIM IS NOT COMPLETE WHEN FILED THE VETERANS ADMINISTRATION WILL ADVISE CLAIMANT AS TO EVIDENCE NEEDED FOR COMPLETION. IF THE REQUIRED EVIDENCE IS NOT FILED WITHIN SIX MONTHS FROM DATE OF REQUEST THE CLAIM WILL BE DISALLOWED.*

## GOVERNMENT INSURANCE

**TYPES.** Under the War Risk Insurance Act and the World War Veterans Act as amended there are three types of insurance which have been or may now be available for World War veterans.

1. Automatic Insurance. Provided during the war to protect the man who died or became permanently and totally disabled without having had an opportunity to apply for War Risk Insurance.

2. War Risk Term Insurance. Carried during the war period and ordinarily ceased on July 2, 1927, on which date it became necessary to convert it to some type of permanent Government insurance.

3. Government (converted) Insurance. This is the type now carried by World War veterans. (A booklet, "Information Regarding United States Government Life Insurance," contains complete facts and is obtainable from any office of the Veterans Administration.)

Government (converted) Insurance is obtainable in seven standard forms of policies: Ordinary Life, Twenty Payment Life, Thirty Payment Life, Twenty Year Endowment, Thirty Year Endowment, Endowment at Age 62, and Five Year Convertible Term.

**HOW MATURABLE.** All types are maturable in two ways, (1) by permanent and total disability, and (2) by death. Permanent and total disability is defined as an impairment of mind or body which

renders it impossible for the disabled person to follow continuously a substantially gainful occupation when it is founded on conditions which render it reasonably certain that the disability will last through life.

**CLAIMS.** All claims for maturity and payment are handled by the Central Office of the Administration, but a claim for total and permanent disability is filed with a Regional Office. Veterans Administration Form 579 is used in making claim for disability benefits.

When death occurs the Central Office should be notified and supplied with a certified copy of the public record of death. The Administration will send to the beneficiary the proper forms and instructions for filing claim for payment.

Automatic and War Risk Term Insurance are payable to a limited class of beneficiaries and in monthly installments only. The beneficiary of War Risk Term Insurance cannot dispose of future monthly installments. When the beneficiary dies and when the insured did not name an alternate beneficiary, the commuted value of the remaining unpaid installments is payable in a lump sum to the estate of the insured. When the beneficiary of War Risk Term Insurance dies, the Veterans Administration should be furnished with a certified copy of the public record of the death of the beneficiary and the name and identifying number of the insured. The Veterans Administration will then send information on amount payable and means of obtaining payment.

## VETERANS ADMINISTRATION APPEAL PROCEDURE

ANY VETERANS ADMINISTRATION claim which has been denied by the Board of original jurisdiction may be appealed to the Board of Veterans Appeals, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

Application for appeal of a claim must be filed with the office or official who denies the claim within one year from the date notice of decision complained of was mailed by the Veterans Administration to the claimant. If appeal is not filed within the time limit stated, the action already taken will be final and the claim may not thereafter be reopened except upon the basis of new and material evidence discovered in the hands of the War or Navy Department.

When two or more persons are contesting for the payment of the same benefit (adjusted compensation, insurance or similar lump sum payments) the time limit for filing an appeal is sixty days. The National Rehabilitation Committee cannot give assistance in cases of this type.

When a claim has been disallowed by the Board of Veterans Appeals it may not thereafter be reopened and allowed and no other claim based on the same facts may be considered unless new and

material evidence should be discovered in the files of the War or Navy Department.

The normal procedure in the handling of an appeal by a veteran or dependent should be:

1. The Post Service Officer.
2. The State or Department Service Officer.
3. The National Rehabilitation Committee.

No case should be appealed simply because the claimant is dissatisfied with the action already taken. The appeal should be properly prepared and handled through official channels.

Veterans Administration Form P-9 should be used in preparing appeals.

## EDUCATION OF WAR ORPHANS

THROUGH THE EFFORTS of the Education of War Orphans Committee of The American Legion, of which General P. C. Harris is chairman, a score of States have enacted laws providing scholarships and other educational aid for World War orphans attending State educational institutions, including colleges and universities. In many States, provisions for scholarships and other educational assistance have been made in colleges and universities not conducted by the State. The Legion committee is working for the enlargement of this educational program to include additional States.

Information concerning provisions of individual States may be obtained from Department Adjutants or by writing to the Education of War Orphans Committee, The American Legion, The Highlands, Connecticut Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

## WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS SCHOLARSHIPS

CONGRESS IN 1926 enacted a law authorizing Presidential appointment of forty sons of deceased Army service men to the Military Academy at West Point and forty sons of deceased Navy service men to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The right is limited to sons of men who died before July 2, 1921, of wounds or disease acquired in the World War. Candidates under this act must qualify in the same manner as other candidates by passing examinations and meeting physical requirements. Information concerning West Point appointments will be supplied by the Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C., and information concerning Annapolis appointments may be had from the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington.

Many American Legion posts have made lists of the sons of deceased veterans in their communities eligible to the West Point and Annapolis appointments, and have assisted these boys in preparing to meet the requirements.



## DISCHARGE CERTIFICATES

A CERTIFICATE in lieu of lost or destroyed discharge may be secured by application to the War or Navy Department upon a proper form which will be furnished by either Department.

Many soldiers were given a "blue" discharge because of physical disability when they were actually entitled to an Honorable Discharge. If such a veteran's service was honorable he may send the blue discharge to the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C., for investigation. If it is found that he is entitled to an honorable discharge one will be issued.

The War and Navy Departments have no authority to change the nature of a discharge given by sentence of a Court Martial.

Information as to a person's military service, especially hospital and sick records, is confidential and ordinarily neither the War nor Navy Department will give such information to anyone except the veteran himself. Requests for such information must be addressed to the proper Department, over the veteran's signature, and must specifically describe the information desired.

## HOMESTEADS

THERE IS A LARGE amount of public land open to settlement by homesteading but very little of this area is of such nature as to be tillable. While honorably discharged veterans have preferences both in priority of settlement and in establishing their claims Legionnaires familiar with public lands generally advise against homesteading unless one is familiar with such life or desirous of attempting it in the hope of regaining health. If for the latter reason, they warn that there should be means of support other than can be immediately expected from the soil.

General information as to available lands and procedure may be secured by writing General Land Office, Department of Interior, Washington, D. C.

## CIVIL SERVICE PREFERENCE

ALL WAR VETERANS are entitled to a five point credit and veterans with service connected disabilities to a ten point credit in Federal Civil Service examinations. The law also provides that honorably discharged veterans and their widows and wives of disabled veterans shall be given preference in appointments.

The Civil Service Commission holds examinations from time to time for the purpose of establishing registers of eligibles for positions in the government service. Announcements of these examinations are displayed in postoffices and other Federal buildings and are generally carried by the newspapers.

Complete information as to examinations, possible positions and veteran preference may be secured from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

## ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART

BY WAR DEPARTMENT General Orders No. 3, dated February 22, 1932, the Purple Heart established by General George Washington at Newburgh, August 7, 1782, during the War of the Revolution, was revived out of respect to his memory and military achievements.

The revived decoration consists of a heart shaped medal with its center of purple enamel. On the obverse is a relief bust of George Washington in the uniform of a General of the Continental Army. On the reverse appears the inscription "For Military Merit." The Washington Coat of Arms is incorporated in the ring which attaches it to a purple ribbon, bordered with a narrow white stripe.

Under the regulations governing the award of the Purple Heart for acts or services performed prior to February 22, 1932, the award is confined to those persons, who, as members of the Army, were awarded the Meritorious Services Citation Certificate by the Commander-in-Chief, American Expeditionary Forces, or who were wounded in action under conditions which entitled them to wear a wound chevron.

No blank form of application is required for this decoration. However, individual application is required over the signature of the veteran. The application should be addressed to The Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C., and should recite the reason upon which the decoration is claimed, and should show the exact name under which service was rendered, together with the rank, serial number and organization of the applicant at that time.

## VICTORY MEDAL

ORIGIN. It was agreed, as early as the spring of 1918, when the war was still at its height, that the different Allied nations adopt a medal to commemorate the World War, similar in design for all. The medal was to symbolize the union and solidarity of purpose of the Allies and at the same time would obviate the established custom of exchanging medals. An inter-allied commission met in Paris after the Armistice to carry the plan into operation, and the Victory Medal was adopted. On the ribbon from which the medal is suspended were to be placed clasps showing the offensives, defensive sectors or countries in which the holder served.

ELIGIBILITY. The Victory Medal of the United States is awarded to all officers, men, contract surgeons, field clerks, and nurses who served in the

Army, Navy, or Marine Corps between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, and also to those who served in Siberia or Russia after the Armistice who joined the service subsequent to November 11, 1918. Men who as conscientious objectors refused military service and men rejected at camps before performing military service, are not entitled to the medal. Persons who served with the Y. M. C. A. and other welfare societies are not eligible for the medal.

APPLICATION. Application by men who served in the Army may be sent to, or presented in person at, the nearest U. S. Army post, camp, or main recruiting station, or to an officer of the Regular Army, National Guard, or Officers Reserve Corps; by discharged nurses to the Surgeon General, War Department, Washington, D. C.; by men still in service through their commanding officers.

Men who served in the Navy may apply to the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., and former Marines to the Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Application forms may be obtained from any of the foregoing officers or individuals.

The original discharge certificate, or a true extract thereof, must accompany the application. The applicant must designate on the form the operations in which he participated or the service rendered. If entitled to a defensive sector clasp, the sector should be specified. If he served in no major operation or defensive sector, but served overseas, the country or countries served in should be shown.

## SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOGRAPHS

THOUSANDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS of battlefields, towns, cantonments, and divisions, regiments and other units, were made by the Army Signal Corps during the World War. Immediately after the war a bulky catalogue listing numbers for all pictures and classifying them in a number of ways was published and distributed widely. This catalogue is now out of print, but service men wishing to order pictures may obtain mimeographed lists of photographs of most of the A. E. F. divisions and lists covering other pictures most frequently asked for. Prices are very low and in addition to the conventional sized pictures enlargements may be obtained at reasonable extra charges. For information about wartime photographs, address Photographic Section, Army Signal Corps, War Department, Washington, D. C.

## MISSING WAR VETERANS

THE NATIONAL REHABILITATION COMMITTEE OF The American Legion, through its contact with governmental agencies and The American Legion Monthly, is frequently able to locate war veterans



who have disappeared or comrades who may be able to give information needed in establishing claims before the Veterans Administration.

### FREE HEADSTONES AND BURIAL IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES

BODIES OF HONORABLY discharged World War veterans may be buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C., and other National Cemeteries in twenty-seven States. Application forms and information may be obtained from the Office of the Quartermaster General, War Department, Washington, D. C.

Upon application to the Quartermaster General, a government headstone may be obtained to mark the grave of a World War veteran, otherwise unmarked, in a private cemetery.

It is frequently possible to identify unknown persons by contact with the Army and Navy Departments. If there is reason to believe that the body may be that of a veteran, a complete personal description and fingerprints should be sent direct to the departments, or to the National Rehabilitation Committee, which will try to establish identity.

### CHILD WELFARE

THE NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE DIVISION of The American Legion renders service and assistance to the needy children of deceased and disabled veterans of the World War who served in the American Forces within the dates of April 6, 1917, to November 11, 1918, inclusive, and who are honorably discharged from service. However, assistance should first be sought through local resources.

There is a Department Child Welfare Chairman in every Department of The American Legion and his endorsement must be on every application that is forwarded to the National Child Welfare Division for attention. The Department Chairman's name and address can be obtained through the Department Headquarters of The American Legion in any State. Complete information as to the Child Welfare activities of The American Legion may be secured from the National Child Welfare Division, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The National Child Welfare Division and the National Rehabilitation Committee have much in common, and through close co-operation in the handling of cases have accomplished much good in securing governmental benefits for dependent children. The fact that these children were entitled to such benefits might never have been brought to the attention of the Government had it not been for this co-operative effort.

Immediately upon receipt of every application for aid that comes to the National Child Welfare Division, a complete record of the veteran is sent to the Na-

tional Rehabilitation Committee for contact with the Veterans Administration to determine if there is any possibility of developing the veteran's case history so that compensation benefits may be procured for the child.

### WHAT EVERY CLAIMANT SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE PREPARA- TION OF EVIDENCE

RATING AND APPELLATE agencies of the Veterans Administration have been instructed that it is the policy of the Administration to administer the law under a broad interpretation and that ratings of disability should be upon a liberal basis, consistent with the facts shown in each case and the law applicable thereto. The instructions say:

"A claimant is not required to establish the service origin and degree of his disability either to a mathematical or moral certainty. He is required to establish these matters by a preponderance of the evidence. He is not required to prove his case beyond a reasonable doubt, any more than he would be required to prove, in court, any other kind of claim beyond a reasonable doubt. This, in general, is what is meant by 'resolving the doubt in favor of the claimant.' The claimant is required in all cases to adduce such evidence as would, when considered in connection with all evidence adduced to the contrary, create in a fair and impartial mind the belief that his claim is well grounded; but the claim is not to be denied because there is room for a lingering doubt as to whether some of his statements and those of his witnesses are true, where the same have not been impeached or contradicted."

Claims for benefits allowable to disabled veterans and their dependents must be supported by sufficient evidence to permit their allowance under the applicable law. The members of the rating and appellate agencies of the Veterans Administration are human. It is much easier for them to allow a claim than to disallow it, but they owe an obligation to the Government which they must fulfill. They must refuse to allow any claim which is not supported by the law and evidence. To this extent they are judicial agencies and are bound by the same general rules of evidence that apply to court proceedings. They cannot be swayed by sympathy, nor can they in any manner disregard the law. They seldom have the advantage of seeing and hearing the witnesses who give testimony before them. They have nothing but a case folder, and unless the picture of a service connected disability is presented to them in that case folder they have no choice—they must disallow the claim.

Evidence is generally defined as: "All the means by which any alleged matter of fact, the truth of which is submitted to investigation, is established or disproved." It is said to be relevant evi-

dence when it touches upon the issues which the parties have made, so as to assist in getting at the truth of the facts.

In presenting claims based upon physical disability, it is of course advisable to present the testimony of physicians who have observed the disability, but if such testimony is not obtainable, it is possible for persons not trained in medicine to describe in more or less specific terms most of the ailments with which we have to deal. For instance, the general symptoms of tuberculosis, heart trouble and rheumatism are known to everyone, but to convince the rating board that a man making an affidavit does have knowledge of such a disease and its effect upon a claimant, he should not say simply that "Bill Jones had heart trouble in 1919." Instead he should describe Bill's general appearance and the visible symptoms of the disease as it affected Bill.

In preparing affidavits, remember that simple, direct, declarative language tells a story most effectively. Use the exact language of the person making the statement wherever possible. Always it is much better, and the statement is of more value if homely, everyday expressions are used. For instance, some of us have heard of "gastro-intestinal diseases," but all of us know that diagnoses of such nature must be made by a physician. So if the affiant tells you that Bill Jones had a chronic "bellyache" for which he was always taking "sody" his story gains weight. A statement offered in one case that "Bill had something wrong with his lungs, so that you could hear him wheezing all over the field like a horse with the heaves," is a classic around the Veterans Administration and it actually led to the granting of service connection for asthma.

All statements offered in evidence should go into as much detail as possible, but repetition should be avoided. Short, positive statements as to any fact are sufficient, and duplicate statements signed by a dozen people are without value.

All statements offered in evidence must be acknowledged before some officer with a seal, authorized to administer oaths.

Each statement should contain the veteran's full name and identifying number, and the full name and address of the affiant. If possible, it should be typed.

Statements by physicians should show specifically the date and place of each examination, especially the first one if time is an issue, the symptoms and physical findings then present which led to the making of a certain diagnosis. The facts upon which the diagnosis is based are of much more importance to the rating board than is the diagnosis or prognosis, although each should be carefully stated. Clinical and laboratory findings are especially valuable.

Statements of comrades in service are of great importance in establishing service connection, but unless they show how and why the affiant specifically remembers the things he offers in evidence



they are of little value. It is wise to show definitely how the affiant had occasion to know or see the claimant. For example, they were in the same company or were from the same locality, and hence kept track of each other, and visited whenever possible. Since more than fifteen years have passed, it is necessary to show why the affiant can remember so well what happened to another man so long ago.

### HOSPITALS AND SOLDIERS HOMES HAVE NEW NAMES

A NEW SYSTEM of designating the veterans' hospitals, National Soldiers Homes and other institutions operating under the Veterans Administration was adopted in 1933. Under this present system, both hospitals and the former soldiers homes are known as Veterans Administration Facilities. In many places, the hospital and former soldiers home are now combined in a single institution. In general the term "domiciliary care" is now used to refer to the service which was formerly referred to as residence in a soldiers home.

The everyday work of the Veterans Administration in its relations with service men is conducted by the Central Office of the Veterans Administration at Washington, D. C., and Regional Offices of the Veterans Administration located in cities in every section of the country. As indicated under the heading, "Application for Benefits," on page 2A, the applicant for benefits may have occasion to address the Central Office in connection with claims of certain types, or the Regional Office for his State. Correspondence to Regional Offices or Veterans Administration Facilities should be addressed to the Manager.

### LOCATIONS OF REGIONAL OFFICES OF VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

BELOW APPEARS A LIST of the locations of the Regional Offices of the Veterans Administration. It will be noted that in many States the Regional Office activities are now combined with hospital or soldiers home activities in what are now known as Veterans Administration Facilities.

ALABAMA, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Tuscaloosa.  
ARIZONA, 242 West Washington Street, Phoenix.  
ARKANSAS, Federal Building, Little Rock.  
CALIFORNIA, 814 Mission Street, San Francisco, and c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Los Angeles.  
COLORADO, Old Custom House, Denver.  
CONNECTICUT, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Newington.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Central Office, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

GEORGIA, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Atlanta.  
IDAHO, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Boise.  
ILLINOIS, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Hines.  
INDIANA, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Indianapolis.  
KANSAS, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Wichita.  
KENTUCKY, 6th Street and Broadway, Louisville.  
LOUISIANA, 333 Charles Street, New Orleans.  
MARYLAND, Fort McHenry, Baltimore.  
MASSACHUSETTS, Post Office Building, Boston.  
MICHIGAN, Federal Building, Detroit.  
MINNESOTA, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Minneapolis.  
MISSISSIPPI, Jackson Tower Building, Jackson.  
MISSOURI, 406 West 34th Street, Kansas City, and 4030 Choteau Street, St. Louis.  
MONTANA, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Fort Harrison.  
NEBRASKA, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Lincoln.  
NEVADA, Federal Building, Reno.  
NEW HAMPSHIRE, Federal Building, Manchester.  
NEW JERSEY, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Lyons.  
NEW MEXICO, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Albuquerque.  
NEW YORK, New Parcel Post Building, New York City.  
NORTH CAROLINA, 212 Tryon Street, Charlotte.  
NORTH DAKOTA, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Fargo.  
OHIO, 1015 Vine Street, Cincinnati, and 1401 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland.  
OKLAHOMA, Federal Building, Oklahoma City.  
OREGON, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Portland.  
PENNSYLVANIA, 33d and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, and 4 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh.  
RHODE ISLAND, 40 Fountain Street, Providence.  
SOUTH CAROLINA, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Columbia.  
SOUTH DAKOTA, Federal Building, Sioux Falls.  
TENNESSEE, Cotton States Building, Nashville.  
TEXAS, Cotton Exchange Building, Dallas, and Smith-Young Tower, San Antonio.  
UTAH, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Salt Lake City.  
VERMONT, 203 Cottage Street, Burlington.  
VIRGINIA, 301 East Grace Street, Richmond.  
WASHINGTON, Federal Office Building, Seattle.  
WISCONSIN, c/o Veterans Administration Facility, Milwaukee.

### LOCATIONS OF VETERANS ADMINISTRATION FACILITIES

THE LIST PUBLISHED below gives the locations of the Veterans Administration Facilities in the various States. The principal function of a Veterans Administration Facility is to provide hospital care and treatment, although in certain of the Facilities domiciliary care is also provided. In certain Veterans Administration Facilities, the activities formerly carried on in separate Regional Offices are now consolidated with hospital and other functions. In correspondence, address "Manager, Veterans Administration Facility," at the city and State indicated.

ALABAMA, Tuscaloosa, Tuskegee.  
ARIZONA, Tucson, Whipple.  
ARKANSAS, Fayetteville, North Little Rock.  
CALIFORNIA, Livermore, Los Angeles. Palo Alto, San Fernando.  
COLORADO, Fort Lyon.  
CONNECTICUT, Newington.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.  
FLORIDA, Bay Pines, Lake City.  
GEORGIA, Atlanta, Augusta.  
IDAHO, Boise.  
ILLINOIS, Danville, Hines, North Chicago.  
INDIANA, Indianapolis, Marion.  
IOWA, Des Moines, Knoxville.  
KANSAS, Leavenworth, Wichita.  
KENTUCKY, Lexington, Outwood.  
LOUISIANA, Alexandria.  
MAINE, Augusta.  
MARYLAND, Perry Point.  
MASSACHUSETTS, Rutland Heights, Bedford, Northampton.  
MICHIGAN, Camp Custer.  
MINNESOTA, Minneapolis, St. Cloud.  
MISSISSIPPI, Biloxi, Gulfport.  
MISSOURI, Excelsior Springs, Jefferson Barracks.  
MONTANA, Fort Harrison.  
NEBRASKA, Lincoln.  
NEW JERSEY, Lyons.  
NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque, Fort Bayard.  
NEW YORK, Batavia, Bath, Bronx, Canandaigua, Castle Point, Northport, L. I., Sunmount.  
NORTH CAROLINA, Oteen.  
NORTH DAKOTA, Fargo.  
OHIO, Chillicothe, Dayton.  
OKLAHOMA, Muskogee.  
OREGON, Portland, Roseburg.  
PENNSYLVANIA, Aspinwall, Sharpsburg, Coatesville.  
SOUTH CAROLINA, Columbia.  
SOUTH DAKOTA, Hot Springs.  
TENNESSEE, Memphis, Johnson City.  
TEXAS, Legion, Waco.  
UTAH, Salt Lake City.  
VIRGINIA, Hampton.  
WASHINGTON, American Lake, Walla Walla.  
WEST VIRGINIA, Huntington.  
WISCONSIN, Milwaukee.  
WYOMING, Cheyenne, Sheridan.



# THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

## Employment for Rehabilitated Veterans, the Compensation Program, Europe's Reaction to Our Pacifists' Example Draw Comment of Editors

THE problem of the rehabilitation of U. S. war veterans who have received all the benefits that the Veterans Administration Facilities have to offer in the way of medical treatment and other restorative methods, and are completely recovered, is one on which little progress has been made in recent years.

It is obvious that a veteran, even one receiving compensation of twenty to thirty dollars a month, cannot leave a hospital with any assurance of becoming self-supporting.

Something should be done to overcome the misunderstanding existing at present among employers regarding the ability of recovered veterans to perform useful labor, and more opportunity should be provided for these men in hospitals to properly contact prospective employers.

The veteran writes hopefully to his former business friends and associates who send their regrets because they believe that the man's hospitalization is an indication of mental or physical instability. He finally gets into a mental rut of resignation and drifts on in government institutions.

Make no mistake, these men who have received treatment and are recovered, under the guidance of the Facilities' medical staffs are equal in skill and ability to any other cosmopolitan group of persons.—*E. J. Connell in The Oval, U. S. Veterans Facility, New Bedford, Massachusetts.*

### OUR COMPENSATION PROGRAM

ON the front page of this issue of the *Bulletin* is a statement of the Legion's stand on compensation to disabled veterans. The statement was prepared by the National Rehabilitation Committee and states clearly our stand on all matters relating to compensation for veterans and their dependents.

The statement concludes with a paragraph advocating the passage of a universal draft law drawn for the purpose of taking the profit out of war.

The *Bulletin* urges all scribes, especially those outside of the city, to ask their local newspapers to reprint this statement so that as many people as possible will have a chance to become acquainted with the Legion's stand in this all-important subject.

The National Economy League supported by many of our local corporations and banks is already at work building up the foundation for another attack on veterans compensation.

The league states that its objective is the reduction of taxes and has promised a survey of all government agencies, but to date we have never noticed any activity except that directed toward the men who defended this country in time of war.—*American Legion Weekly Bulletin, Los Angeles, California.*

### THAT EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD

HAD you noticed how Europe is responding to the tender influences of those members of the clergy and the teaching profession who are leading the world to peace by declaring that they will have no part of war, no matter what happens, or how?

My, my! How the world is flocking to the standards of peace in wild-eyed and wondering appreciation of the splendid example set. Note how they are laying their arms aside in Austria, Germany, Italy and the Balkan States, and elsewhere on the old continent. (How do you spell a Bronx raspberry?)—*Legion News, Detroit, Michigan.*

### TWO OBJECTIVES

THE Legion is indulging in "no exultation at the about-face made by the Government on the pension question and is framing no further legislative requests to make to Congress," according to Watson B. Miller, national rehabilitation chairman.

"We have two objectives before us all the time," he explained. "First, to discover the honest fundamental requirements of men disabled in war service, and, second, to watch out for the rights of the man who has to pay the bill—the taxpayer."—*Egyptian Legionnaire, Herrin, Illinois.*

### FOURTEEN YEARS AGO AND NOW

EVERY soldier knows that the only suggestion of national economy has been to economize at his expense."

Something strikingly familiar about that line. Seems to us that we wrote it only a few weeks ago in connection with the activities of the National Economy League. Maybe we did, but that is not where we see it now. We are looking at a page of the *Pacific Legion*, predecessor to the *Oregon Legionnaire*, in the issue of August, 1920. And, believe it or not, that line is there quoted from an editorial in the *Chicago Tribune*. Also:

"Every soldier knows that fully half the money raised by our Government for war purposes was deliberately misappropriated by Congress and by officials of the Administration.

"Every soldier knows the training camps were located not for training purposes but to bring money to favored communities.

"Every soldier knows that munition factories of all kinds were located for the same purpose, and contracts brought the maximum profit to the beneficiaries with the minimum military result.

"Every soldier knows that of the money not deliberately misspent fully one-half was wasted because it was administered by miserable incompetents appointed for political advantage.

"Every soldier knows an infinitesimal fraction of wartime expenditures ever reached the battlefield.

"Every soldier knows that both his comfort at the rear and his safety on the battlefield were sacrificed.

"Every soldier knows that he had to depend upon weapons, munitions and supplies obtained from our allies.

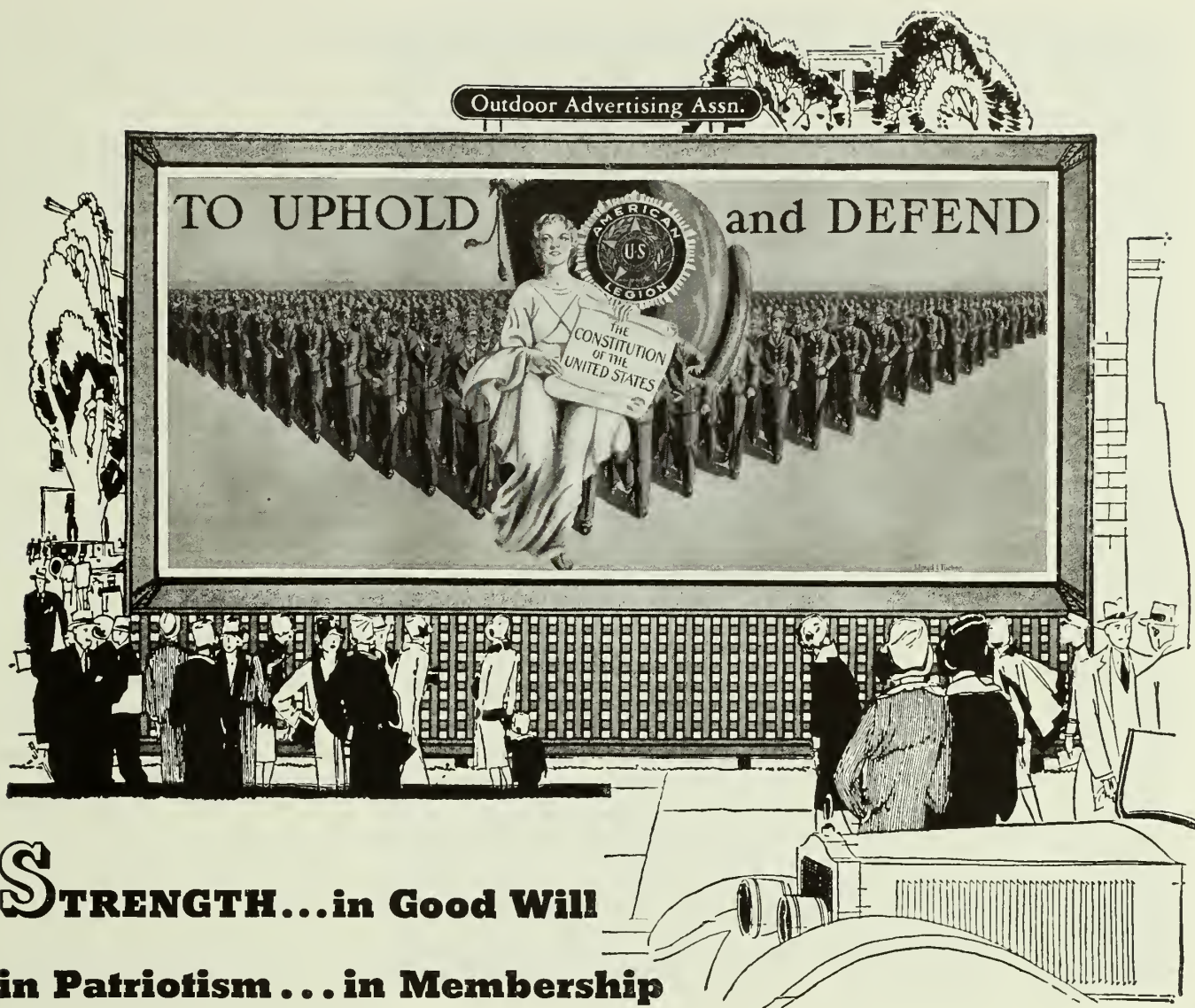
"Every soldier knows that throughout the war his interest was sacrificed to that of the slacker and the profiteer.

"Every soldier knows that the only suggestion of national economy has been to economize at his expense.

"Every soldier should join The American Legion to make his influence felt."—*Oregon Legionnaire.*



Outdoor Advertising Assn.



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Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

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# Femmes and Francs

(Continued from page 13)

and he said to Wheat, "Now, who's that?"

She was staring, fascinated, at the pistol; a tall girl, as neat as the old woman was shabby, in a wool dress and white apron, and shoes of thin patent leather above their heavy wood soles; lighter of complexion, too, than either Pierre or his mother. Her blonde hair and blue eyes were those of old Norman stock.

"Yvonne, she's called," Wheat said. "Don't know her last name. She works here. Waits on table. Pierre's planning to marry her."

Sullivan observed her with approval.

"SHE can hang her hobnails to my pack any day, sir," he said.

Wheat replied testily, "Well, well, get to business, Corporal."

But already Sullivan had bent over the pistol and was eyeing it thoughtfully. One cartridge, tilted half out of the ejector, had jammed the gun; it had not been fired, but the lower side of its muzzle was gummy with a brown stain.

"Didn't shoot him, eh?" Sullivan demanded. "Bumped him off with a clout on the head. Well, who did it, sir?"

"An American," Wheat answered gravely. "That's all we know. Come here."

Back of the passageway a small private dining room, with its table set for two and remnants of a half finished meal upon it, looked out through a single window upon the garden.

"We were in here," Wheat said.

"Who?" Sullivan demanded.

"I'm telling you." Wheat's voice was husky and he tried to clear his throat. "It was just after I called your office. We planned to have dinner together, I and Flandreau and the priest. . . ."

"Where's the priest at now?" Sullivan asked.

"I'm getting to that. He was called out, into the country, before we sat down. Some woman dying. So this man Flandreau and I ate alone. Yvonne . . . that's the girl over there . . . waited on us. I sat here . . . back to the window. We were just ready for the salad . . . she was clearing the plates . . . when Flandreau saw this fellow in the garden."

"What fellow?"

"Give me time," Wheat cautioned. His pale eyes narrowed. "Flandreau said: 'There's somebody outside that window,' and the girl looked up and answered, 'It must be Papa Joffre.'"

"Joffre!" Sullivan exclaimed.

"That's the name of the hotel cat. A white one. But Flandreau got excited. Said it was a man."

"American?"

"I didn't believe him then, but that's what he yelled. 'American!' The girl insisted it was the cat and said she must go outdoors and close the shutter anyhow. So she went out to the kitchen, but before

she'd had time to get any farther . . . wasn't more than half a minute . . . Flandreau pointed at the window again and yelled something in French, I didn't quite get it. But I looked, and sure enough, there was somebody in olive drab, stepping back quickly from the glass."

"Recognize him?"

Wheat shook his head. "Didn't have a chance. He moved too fast. But it was an American. I'd swear to that. Saw the back of his old blouse. I jumped up and yelled for Pierre. He didn't come very fast."

Sullivan interrupted, "Where was he?"

"In the kitchen."

"Why didn't he come?"

"Says he was tying his apron. Was, I guess. The little bell on the street door of the estaminet had begun to ring at the same time. It's right there, in front of the passage, fixed to ring when someone comes in . . . and he thought I wanted him for that. Second time I yelled he came fast enough, and he and I ran down this passage into the garden."

"Left the other guy here?"

"Still in his chair. Scared to death. It took Pierre and me a moment to get that outside door open. . . ."

"About the bell on the other door," Sullivan broke in. "Who was it come into the grog shop?"

"I don't know. Didn't look. Just ran into the garden. I could hear somebody tearing through the shrubs at the back, near the kitchen door. I went after him, and so did Pierre. But he got away through the back gate."

Wheat took out his handkerchief and wiped his face.

"I started on after him. Was almost through the gate when Flandreau screamed. He was right inside the door here, where . . . where he is now."

"He'd got up and followed you?"

"This far."

"What'd he holler?"

"IN FRENCH," Wheat answered slowly.

"He called for help. You know how it is, Corporal. You don't need to understand the words sometimes to get the meaning. He said . . . I'm not sure about this, but Pierre thinks he heard plainly . . . 'You again.'"

"Where was this guy Pierre?"

"I couldn't see him, but I heard his voice answering Flandreau. It was near the door, right close here, somewhere."

"Then what?"

"Then just another scream. Horrible. You can't imagine. I didn't even run . . . just stood. And right in the middle of the scream it stopped. Suddenly. And then I heard a kind of . . . I guess a kind of sob. And when I got here I found him, just the way you did. I felt for his pulse, but there wasn't any pulse. Then I found the

gun."

Sullivan pulled out a chair and sat down. So this was what he'd stumbled on when he came up to look into an ordinary assault and battery! Nothing to do but go ahead with it.

"Tell me about Flandreau," he said, "everything you know."

He listened while the captain related the few facts and the many legends that he had picked up from villagers. When Wheat was done, the corporal questioned Pierre, then the waitress, at last old Madame Banc. He had little more information to go on when he finished than when he started.

"Guess we can get him off the floor, anyway," he said then. "You," he indicated Pierre, who still wore his surly look, "give a hand. And you, soldier."

"Me?" Hlaska objected.

"NEEDN'T think he'll bite," Sullivan said. They carried the body to a downstairs bed. Madame Banc, Yvonne, and Wheat followed. "About this gun," Sullivan added then. "How many automatics are layin' around loose in your outfit, Captain?"

"Just two," Wheat answered. "Lieutenant's and mine."

"Sure of that? Then I wish you'd have this soldier go back to camp and bring them both here."

Private Hlaska seemed willing enough to leave. As soon as he had gone, in Sullivan's car, and while Wheat went to pour himself a glass of brandy, the corporal took his flashlight and let himself out into the night.

"Me, with you?" Pierre offered.

Sullivan refused. He could think better alone. He found the garden surrounded on three sides by a high wall, with short iron spikes and broken bottles imbedded inhospitably in its top. The inn made up the fourth side. The ground was paved with flagging, and the few scraggy trees and shrubs, which naturally were bare of leaves now, grew out of round patches of earth scattered about the rectangular space.

Only at the rear, near the back gate, a small thicket of old rose bushes broke the symmetry of the place, and behind them a framework of thin poles was set up to hold drying laundry. Methodically, Sullivan went over the garden, walked backward and forward across it like a shuttle in a loom, covering every inch of its surface with his flashlight. But not till he arrived at the rose thicket did he find anything that caused him to halt.

There, close to the gate, something sparkled in the beam of his lamp. He bent over quickly and picked it up. An exclamation of surprise and satisfaction escaped from his lips. This was an ebony swagger stick about eighteen inches long



with a heavy plain silver knob and ferrule.

Sullivan examined it slowly, balancing it on his hand. It would have made a stout weapon, he reflected, and started to thrust it into his leggin, then thinking better of it, turned out his flashlamp and in the darkness crossed to the stone wall and carefully laid the stick atop it among the broken bottles, out of sight.

Then he returned to the main room of the inn. Madame Banc still sat in front of the inadequate fire. Pierre lounged in a corner talking to Yvonne.

Captain Wheat, sitting uncomfortably near the door, demanded: "Find anything out there, Corporal?"

Sullivan shook his head.

THE clock in the kitchen had struck midnight before Sullivan heard the rattle of his returning car. Three men got out of it. Private Hlaska entered first, then the tall sergeant from the forestry camp, finally an officer.

"Well, Munn," Wheat said irritably, "it's time you got here!"

The lieutenant moistened his lips and started to speak, but his voice pitched up into a shrill little squeak. He began again.

"I was hunting my gun, sir. My pistol."

His lips twitched. He looked like a mouse, Sullivan thought. Behind him, the tall sergeant stood with an automatic pistol in a holster.

"That it?" Wheat demanded.

"No, sir," the sergeant shook his head vigorously. "This here is yourn, sir."

Hlaska hitched up his belt. "Wouldn't leave me bring it."

"Don't give no officer's gun to any dumb private," the sergeant said. "I brings along the company ordnance return, too, sir, out the files. Got the gun numbers on 'em. This gun is yours. We can't find lieutenant's."

Again Munn wet his lips. He tried to smile, but gave up after one attempt.

"Someone must have stole it out of my locker, sir," Munn said in his squeaky voice.

"When?" Wheat asked.

"Tonight, sir. Sometime after five o'clock. I noticed it then. I was looking for fresh socks. It was in the way and I moved it over to one side."

"Five o'clock?" Sullivan repeated. He turned to the sergeant. "Let's see those serial numbers."

The pistol with the bloody muzzle still lay on the table where Sullivan had left it, with orders that no one must touch it. He bent over it, now, holding a lamp close; read the number pressed into the steel along the top of the barrel, compared it with the ordnance list, then straightened up slowly.

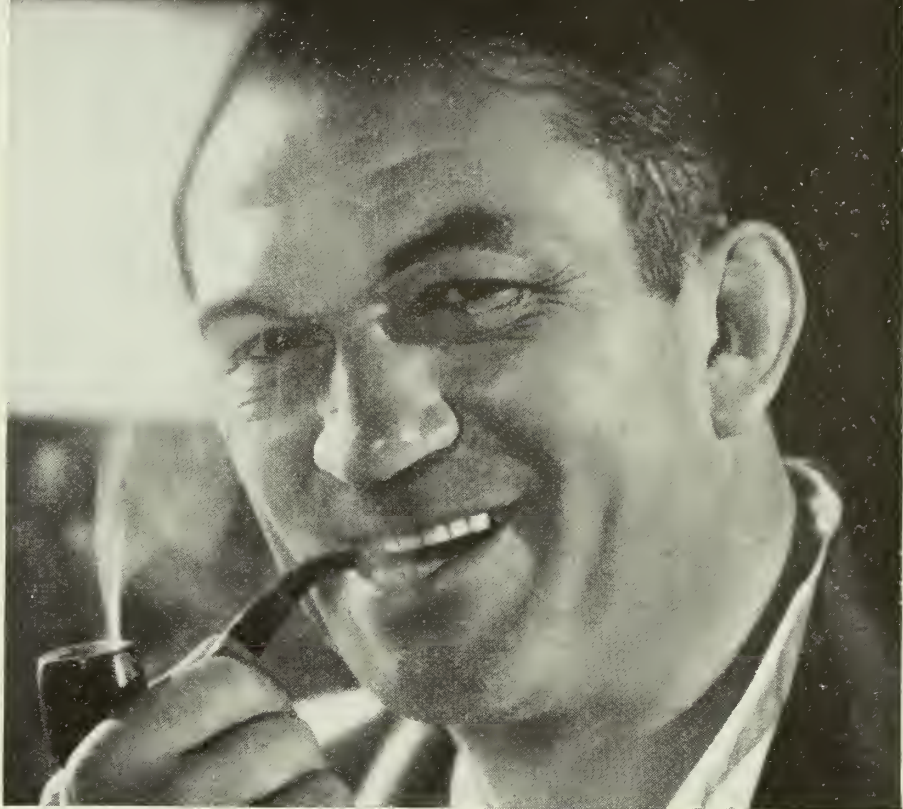
Munn blew his nose.

"What do you find, Corporal?" he asked.

"They match," Sullivan said. He motioned toward the dining room and when Munn hesitated, added, "Come on, sir. We're goin' to have a little gabfest, me and you."

(Continued on page 42)

*"I gambled a dime  
and won a buddy!"*



VICTOR MCLAGLEN . . . popular Fox Pictures star

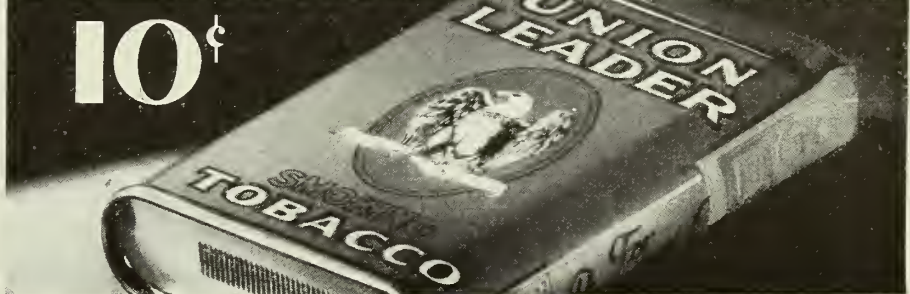
THE first Union Leader tobacco I ever saw was smoked by an extra, on location. He said he smoked it because he got so much for 10¢. But he looked as though he thoroughly enjoyed it, so I thought I'd gamble a dime and buy a tin

of Union Leader myself. I was not disappointed. Man! What mellow Kentucky Burley! Union Leader has been a buddy of mine ever since. It's much more appealing to *my* taste and costs much less than my former brand. (I like it in cigarettes, too.)

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**UNION LEADER**  
THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

10¢





# Femmes and Francs

(Continued from page 41)

Wheat started to follow, but Sullivan shook his head.

"Three's a mob, sir. It's just me and the lieutenant this time."

He closed the door.

"Okay, sir," he said, as Munn refused to sit down. "Stand up all night if you want. It's your dogs that'll be hollerin' for relief, not mine. I'm sittin'. You can tell me all about it, sir. Why'd you want to knock off this frog in the first place?"

The lieutenant objected. "I'll not permit this. I didn't. . . ."

"Your gun," Sullivan interrupted. "How come?"

"I told you it was stolen. For all I know you took it."

"When you think that was?" the corporal demanded, ignoring the thrust.

"I told you. I saw it this afternoon. About half-past five. I was getting a clean shirt. . . ."

"Socks," Sullivan corrected.

"Shirt and socks. I had to move the gun and I left the locker unlocked."

"Thoughtful," Sullivan commented. "Left the locker unlocked, so's the murderer can reach in and help himself. Then what did you do?"

"Ate supper. I eat with the enlisted men."

"It breaks my heart," Sullivan said, "such sacrifice! With the enlisted men! Go on."

The mouse flared.

"I don't have to stand this. Corporal!" The mildness left his eyes and his voice pitched higher.

"After you degraded yourself having supper with the enlisted men," Sullivan persisted, "then what? Where was you at eight o'clock?"

"In my quarters, writing a letter."

"Anybody see you there?"

"How could they? I hang a blanket across the window always. Keeps out drafts."

"**Y**OU'RE getting real Frenchy," Sullivan said. "Seems I've heard they don't like drafts either. After eight, where was you at? When I got to the camp about nine-thirty?"

"Taking a walk."

Sullivan whistled softly.

"Writin' letters alone in your quarters when this frog gets tapped on the head first time, takin' yourself a promenade in the woods when he gets bumped off with your gun. Where did you walk to? Town?"

"I didn't go far from camp," Munn said, trying to put stubbornness in his voice. "I was in charge. Captain gone. I just walked in the woods."

"Alone?"

"Of course. Who's there to walk with?"

"I guess I better have the captain listen to that one," Sullivan decided. He opened

the door and motioned to Wheat. Madame Banc, Pierre and Yvonne sat in a stiff row on a bench across the big bare room, watching the door. Hlaska and the sergeant were whispering.

"Tell the skipper the same thing you told me, Lieutenant," Sullivan bade when Wheat had entered.

The lieutenant spoke rapidly this time, as if he had memorized his story. Wheat shook his head.

"Doesn't sound reasonable, Munn. Did you see anybody while you were out walking?"

**M**UNN hesitated, moistened his lips with his tongue, then nodded.

"Yes, I did. I had just started back. . . ."

"Where from?" Sullivan interposed.

"Let me alone and I'll tell you. From the end of my walk. I came down the hill into the valley, on the path which cuts across this way from camp. The short cut coming to town the men use."

"So you were over this way, were you?"

Munn scowled, and turned his back upon Sullivan.

"I tell you, sir, I'm an officer," he reminded Wheat, "no corporal's going to accuse me. . . ."

"Well, well, let's get on," Wheat suggested. "You were down at the bottom of the hill, then what?"

"And just starting up again when somebody ran past. Coming from town. Couldn't see who it was. There's a log over that little muddy stream. He fell off it and I heard him and stepped aside into the bushes. He went on by."

"What for'd you step aside?" Sullivan asked.

"I don't know," Munn admitted. "Just happened to."

"See this guy that was running away?"

"At a distance. Wouldn't recognize him again."

Sullivan looked at the door, which Wheat had left open. The sergeant and Hlaska and Pierre were standing there listening.

"This lieutenant ought to get him a job telling stories to the boys at the Y huts," the corporal told Wheat. "He's gifted that way. Morning'll clear it up, maybe. I'll go look in the garden by daylight. There isn't any crook smart enough to get away without leaving something behind. A button, gun, footprint. Sometimes three or four things. And when he does, it's just too bad. They'll be nailin' one of his dog tags to a board 'fore he knows it. That's all for tonight."

He yawned immensely, not taking the trouble to conceal it, then looked at his wrist watch.

"Past two," he announced. "In a nine o'clock town. I'll call the frog police in the morning, soon's the telephone line

opens up. Meantime, I'm goin' to get a holt on some cooshay."

"What about me?" Munn asked. He eyed Sullivan with hostility which he concealed no better than the corporal's next yawn.

Sullivan shrugged.

"Go back to camp if you want. Go to gay Paree for all I care, just so you're where I can get at you tomorrow. You staying in town here tonight, Captain?"

"I certainly am," Wheat replied grimly. "If you're going to camp, Munn, I'll ask Sergeant Perthe and Hlaska to stay here. Madame will fix a bed for them. I'll need them, early, for messages."

Munn departed quickly, saying nothing to anyone, not even looking back. When he had gone Madame Banc carefully double bolted the front door, fastened its two chains, and lighted a candle for Wheat. Next she showed the other two soldiers to their room and finally brought a light for Sullivan.

"Mercy bokoo," Sullivan said, and let it go at that. She was too fierce to start anything on. No use even to try to look at the girl. He caught one word, "bed," in her rattle of orders. Yvonne understood, though, and she disappeared quickly in the direction of the kitchen. Pierre, looking more sullen than ever, took off his trousers, hung them on his arm, and marched off also toward the rear of the house.

Sullivan grinned, and opened the door of his own room, which like the other guest chambers in use tonight was on the ground floor. He could hear Perthe and Hlaska talking in whispers as they prepared for bed next door; on the other side Wheat, choking a little on his cognac nightcap.

The rest of the house already was quiet. Sullivan barred his own door on the inside, set down his candle and blew it out, then cautiously unlatched his window and opened the casement.

The garden lay quiet and dark before him. He listened intently for a moment. Somewhere, far away on the edge of the village, a dog barked. Sullivan swung his feet over the sill, let himself down soundlessly to the flagstones outside, and crouched motionless in the shadows there.

**W**HEN his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he was able to see the tall stone wall which ran around three sides of the garden, and to gage the spot at which he had concealed the silver-mounted swagger stick. He edged quickly toward it. He'd been a fool to leave it, perhaps. . . .

He reached up. There it was, just where he had put it, its knob wet now with fog. He retrieved it gratefully, thrust it into his puttee, and squatted down in the corner.

A deeper blur of shadow near the rear



gate marked the thicket of rose bushes, behind which the laundry yard lay concealed. After several minutes he began to move cautiously toward them. From their protection he could watch not only the rear gate, but the windows of the hotel itself.

There was only one thing certain about this whole matter. The American forestry camp somehow was concerned with the death of Flandreau. The gun, whether or not it had been stolen from Munn's locker, had come from the camp. And no Frenchman could have got it; it took someone familiar with the quarters to know where the gun was and to slip away with it.

And whose was the swagger stick? A possible weapon . . . and yet not the weapon. Flandreau had been killed with the muzzle of Munn's gun. The man in the garden no doubt had dropped the stick. When? As he pulled out the gun? And who was he? If not Munn . . . Wheat? How did anyone know, in spite of Wheat's statement, that he hadn't slipped back to the door and hit Flandreau? There wasn't any reason for him to, but then, what reason was there for Munn to do so?

Sullivan at last made the shelter of the roses and once more squatted down on his heels. This might be a wild goose chase, and he might get rheumatism for his pains. But it was worth trying. Who ever lost that stick knew it by now, certainly.

The candle lights behind the shutter of the room occupied by Perthe and Hlaska went out first; then Captain Wheat's window, with shutters open, darkened suddenly as he blew out his candle. A dim illumination still showed in the tiny glass panel of the kitchen door . . . probably Pierre going to bed.

Sullivan, remembering the boy's sullen face, wondered whether, in the end, he could persuade Yvonne to marry him. Not if she had any sense, he couldn't.

The church clock, across the square, sounded three wavering notes. The night was cold, and its chill was beginning to find Sullivan's bones. He stirred, to rid himself of the cramp. At the same time he stopped breathing. A faint sound beyond the garden wall had found his ear.

He listened, intent, his round eyes straining through the darkness. The next sound came from the gate, a slight scraping, as someone cautiously lifted the latch. Then the gate moved gently, stopped, moved again. It stood half open and the dark figure of a man hesitated in it.

Sullivan waited. The fellow dallied interminably before he decided to come in. Then, twisting like a cat, sideways, he slid into the garden and once more halted, listening. The night was too dark to make out his features or his coloring, or whether his clothes were new or shabby.

But not too dark to prove that he wore a uniform; with what the Americans called an overseas cap, and the French a bonnet de police. He hung close to the wall, flat against it. (Continued on page 61)



## Prepare for your first taste of real whiskey

*The Taste of John Jameson is Different—  
It's the Way Whiskey Ought to Taste*

This is not an empty boast and here's why: John Jameson is made of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat and oats—and absolutely nothing else whatever except water and time. It is distilled in the traditional pot still and aged in the wood seven years before bottling. If such direct methods don't produce real whiskey, there is no such

thing. (We haven't mentioned skill—but we must have learned *something* in 150 years.)

Its taste is different—you may not like it the first time—a few don't. But it's *real* whiskey, and if you don't like it the fifth time then—no offense—you have only yourself to blame. For John Jameson is a whiskey for people who know whiskey.

# JOHN JAMESON

*Pure Old Pot Still*

# IRISH WHISKEY

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*Established A.D. 1780*

BY APPOINTMENT TO  
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IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO. N.Y.



# STAYNLESS NO RUST SHOT SHELLS



## WINCHESTER TRADE MARK Super Speed LONG RANGE Shot Shells and Regular Loads

WHEN deep-water ducks, brant or geese offer long range shots or nothing . . . when shoal-water fowl are operating on the same system . . . load with Winchester Super Speed Shells. They will do wonders for you, with their lightning getaway and remarkable far-reaching high speed. Handing out the clean-killing famous Winchester wallop away yonder, 50, 60, 70 yards and farther. With the right hold, right swing, you fold them up stone dead before they hit the water.

Leader Super Speed (lacquered) and Repeater Super Speed. Staynless non-corrosive priming, progressive burning powder. Patented Seal-Tite wads. Winchester precision-manufactured shot. Winchester controlled short shot string. Use them for all long-range heavy-duty hunting.

For all average gunning, buy the regular Winchester game loads, Leaders, Repeaters or Rangers. Scientifically loaded for best dependability, pattern and penetration. And—like Super Speed, every shell Staynless.

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DEPT. 25-C NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.



All Winchester smokeless shot shells have the pioneer Staynless priming—absolutely non-rusting.

Winchester Shot Shell folder—presents the full line of loads for all hunting and target shooting. Free on request.

# Wings of Mercy

(Continued from page 23)

miles off Delaware breakwater. A member of the Coast Guard at sea on a 165-footer is alive because another plane arrived in the nick of time to save him from a broken appendix.

But such sea-rescue work is only a part of the service to humanity rendered by the flying arm. In isolated swamp settlements which line the Atlantic coast Guard amphibians bear doctors to ease mothers in childbirth, carry the ill to civilized medical attendance, deliver food and clothing when ice-locked creeks and swamplands cut off all communication in winter. On regular patrols they locate disabled pleasure boats and fishing craft, summoning aid from sister surface ships of the service by means of the two-way voice radio gear with which all planes are equipped. No other government flying branch can boast of finer radio equipment than that on Coast Guard planes. Often it is employed to inform fishermen where the mackerel and porgie schools are swimming.

At other times the Coast Guard planes function as vigilant police. Off the East coast of Florida a concentration of nine craft are guarding the air above the shores against aerial smugglers operating from the nearby British islands of the West Indies, running dope, liquor and undesirable aliens to secret bases in the labyrinth of the Everglades. Such work is a difficult task because our authority in the air also is curbed by the twelve-mile limit seaward and the contraband flyers invariably operate under cover of darkness or the friendly shield of fog. Another handicap results from unpleasant memories of recent criticism of the Coast Guard during its long and unpopular task of enforcing the late Prohibition laws. Mindful that the public charged that the Coast Guard was too quick on the draw there has been no chatter of machine-guns in this battle against flying smugglers. As the government air patrols flush up the winged law-breakers they only can force them to head back whence they came, or jettison their contraband into the sea. Then there is no evidence to make an arrest.

Such is a general picture of the splendid work being done by the new air arm of the Coast Guard. So well has it justified its existence in a comparatively brief period that expansion is inevitable. Not only are

the number of shore stations to be doubled at once but the Coast Guard is to function inland for the first time in its history. But before relating details of that proposed expansion it is important to briefly summarize the history of these wings of mercy and mention the men who have so competently accomplished the essential pioneering.

So long ago as 1916 Congress authorized the establishment of ten Coast Guard air stations, ostensibly realizing the potentialities of aircraft in supplementing the duties of that fine old service which dates back to 1790. Today because of the great

range of modern aircraft ten stations probably could serve our 10,000 miles of Coast line, but the joker in 1916 was that Congress forgot to appropriate money with which to buy planes and equipment.

However, three graduates of the little academy at New London never lost hope for creation of an air arm from 1916 on. One was Commander Norman Hall, the present executive head of the aviation branch. He it is who is chiefly responsible for the Guard's present fine equipment in planes and radio gear.

The other two pioneers are war-trained pilots, Lieutenant Commanders vonPaulsen and E. E. Stone. Stone, you may recall, was copilot of the NC-4, first aircraft to fly the Atlantic. Not only did this soft-spoken Coast Guard officer bring honor to the Navy in that pioneer flying feat but also he made another invaluable contribution to the first line of defense in development of the ship-board catapult. In fact, so highly did the Navy regard the services of Stone that for several years after the Armistice he was more or less shanghaied from the Coast Guard service.

MEANWHILE big, capable vonPaulsen carried on. At first and for a full decade after, all the Coast Guard could obtain in the way of flying craft were Navy hand-me-downs. With such unsatisfactory equipment a beginning was made. Starting in 1920, for more than a year experimental work was done from an abandoned naval base located at Morehead City, North Carolina.

With the handicaps common to all pioneering effort that first showing was not impressive. In 1921 the air arm was



A FULL color reproduction of this month's cover may be secured by sending ten cents in stamps to Cover Print Department, The American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana. The reproduction is the same size as the cover painting alone, and lends itself admirably to framing



abandoned for lack of funds, not to be revived until 1925. With unsuitable equipment vonPaulsen established the first Coast Guard air base in a tent hangar at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Indefatigable, through winter gales and summer fogs he proved the possibilities of flying as an important adjunct to Coast Guard work. If his plans to carry a life-line from shore to a disabled vessel were only dubiously successful, at least he could demonstrate the value of an airplane in scanning thousands of square miles of sea to spot derelicts menacing navigation, to find lost fishermen and pleasure boats, to keep an eye on smuggler ships intending to defeat the country's laws.

Sometime in 1926 a second base was established at the former naval air station at Cape May. That, too, soon proved its value. But until 1930 the air service of the Coast Guard, sustained by meager appropriations, handicapped by poor equipment, progressed under difficulties.

Then through Commander Hall better appropriations were obtained. In the next few years a third base was established at Miami, Florida; new planes well-adapted to the work were ordered, eight in all. With an equal number of pilots and 54 enlisted men, 18 to a station, the fine record here presented has been made.

AND so the Coast Guard's air arm is in process of branching out. No longer is the Atlantic coast alone to enjoy the humanitarian service of wings. The gulf of Mexico coastline is to be served from two stations, one at St. Petersburg, Florida; the other at Biloxi, Mississippi. A sixth base to operate along the north Pacific coastline is now being organized at Port Angelus, Washington.

Smuggling by air is not confined to the Florida east coast. Contraband agents for narcotics and undesirable aliens are more and more becoming air-minded. Over the Mexican and Canadian borders, dope, forbidden aliens and untaxed booze have been coming by air for several years. Customs men and Immigration representatives have not been able to cope with the situation satisfactorily despite the creation of special air patrols. As a result the duty of guarding our inland borders from the air soon will be conferred upon the Coast Guard. Six stations each are planned for the Mexican and Canadian borders, twelve in all. From strategic locations flying patrols will guard the skies against illegal entry of contraband merchandise and contraband aliens.

How effective such air patrols above the nation's land boundaries will prove in practice remains to be seen. Meantime the humanitarian tasks of the Coast Guard at sea are being valuably supplemented by an air arm.

The greatest significance of that well-done job is that it marks a new trend in aeronautics. It is the first government air force not to be created primarily as wings of destruction. Here is a service flying on wings of mercy!

# Horrible! If the Tires had not GRIPPED!



**THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY stopped this car SHORT—but 8,400 tests show new tires of other makes SLIDE 14 to 19% farther than Goodyear "G-3's". And that's too far—SOMETIMES!**

**I**t happens in a second. You jam on the brakes — but often it takes more than brakes to stop in time!

For brakes can only stop your wheels — it takes tires with GRIP in the center of the tread to STOP the car!

That is why the most important fact to remember in choosing tires is this:

*The new Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather will stop your car quicker than any other tire — and keep its grip 43% longer!*

## **The blowout bugaboo**

Insurance records show that *skidding, sliding, failure to stop after applying the brakes* cause FIVE AND ONE-HALF times as many accidents as blowouts! But little is said about that because other tires do not have those tight-gripping, sure-stopping blocks of rubber you find in the center of a Goodyear tread.

## **The Goodyear margin of safety**

Your own common sense will tell

you that *center traction means safety* — and that judgment is verified by 8,400 stopping tests which proved that even new tires of other makes slide 14 to 19% farther than the "G-3" All-Weather — and worn tires up to 77% farther!

Think what this margin of safety; this 14 to 77% difference in your favor, means when life itself is a matter of inches!

## **Maximum blowout protection in every ply**

And when you consider that, in addition, this great new "G-3" keeps its non-skid safety grip *twice* as long as any tire tested against it — that it is built with Goodyear's patented Supertwist Cord in every ply for maximum blowout protection — why force your luck on slippery treads when "G-3's" extra safety costs no more?



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# GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND







# First choice of those *who know*



I congratulate you, John, on your bourbon. I didn't realize my niece had married a millionaire.



Thank you, Colonel, but this Crab Orchard is really very inexpensive.



Is that all you're paying for this excellent straight whiskey? Remarkable, suh, remarkable!

**A PRODUCT OF  
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Only the fact that Crab Orchard is America's largest-selling straight whiskey permits it to be priced so reasonably. Made in old Kentucky, distilled the time-honored way and bottled *straight* from the barrel, it comes by its fine bourbon flavor *naturally*—without artificial aging or coloring. **ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.**

## Crab Orchard

**STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY**

*Produced by the same  
distillers:*

OLD GRAND DAD	HERMITAGE
OLD TAYLOR	MOUNT VERNON RYE
OLD McBRAYER	REWCO RYE
OLD CROW	OLD OVERHOLT RYE
SUNNY BROOK	OLD FARM RYE

*Straight as a string*



'18 Host to '61

(Continued from page 29)

afternoon of the day before the show opened!

And it went out to them again when I had a second look at the grounds the following morning. The big polo field wasn't deserted now. Temporary stands, like those the circus uses, were going up, bordering the two long sides of the arena. At the upper end a grandstand on wheels and a loud speaker sound-truck were in place. Some canvases were erecting concession stands and small shelter tents here and there. At 2:30 p.m. something would have to happen around this spot—er—"as thousands cheer" . . .

To tell you the truth I couldn't stand the strain. I went away from there. And I stayed away till 2:30.

When I got back a throng had gathered. The circus seats were filled and overflowing. Down in front, on rows of park benches, sat the blue-coated G. A. R. guests—the spectators who were the heroes of the show. Boy Scouts who had been busy as ushers and escorts formed a line of khaki at the feet of the veterans. Where the seats ended, ropes held back hundreds of standees; reporters, cameramen, newsreel photographers and officials bustled everywhere in the foreground. A newspaper estimate of the crowd was 7,500. "One more reason," I was saying to myself, "why this show had better be good."

I was to learn later that from as early as daybreak assistance had been streaming down the highways from every quarter, good neighbors, good showmen, taking to the road in motor caravans. Forty limousines and a bus-load of small boys came through without a hitch and arrived in ample time from as far away as Watkins Glen—a little jaunt of about the same distance as from New York City to Boston. A troop of roan horses and their riders, New York State mounties, boarded motor moving vans and covered more than a hundred miles, turning up several hours ahead of schedule, from the barracks at Oneida. From the west, Spencerport hit the pike. From the south, the capital of Ontario County, came the Canandaiguans. From the east, arrived the Wayne County delegation from the county seat, Lyons.

It was 2:30. Wham! blowie! the show was on!

Down the field came the massed colors, bugle and drum corps ripping the skies with their rhythm, bearing the flags to where the old boys grouped around the grandstand. The salute, the anthem, the prayer, the bugle calls—you know the familiar routine. This opening ceremony was notably snappy, well-paced, colorful. The guards left their colors at the sides of the stands and marched briskly away. The old boys loved it all. They jumped to their feet and saluted. Their eyes sparkled. They didn't slump down on their benches afterward. They sat up straight, their feet tapped the beat of the stirring music. Here were some



young fellows who spoke their own language.

First Goodrich Post, Spencerport, with a giant drum major under a tall shako prancing in the lead, took up the pace and set it faster in the drill that followed.

Next, the loud speaker blared that the New York State Troopers from Oneida would oblige. What could *they* do? Well, if you already know it, they can put on as thrilling a Rough-Rider show as you'd ever hope to watch. And Troop D proceeded to do just that thing in Wild Western style.

But now the sound truck's announcer threatened the happy crowd with speeches. They came through a loud speaker; everybody could hear them. They were easy, informal, mercifully brief; they kept the atmosphere just right; you felt that this was simply a big good-natured garden party on a gentleman's country estate. Great to have you with us. Everybody welcome, and have a good time. Now, a little intermission. Then on with the show.

But it was easy to begin worrying again. Could they pick up the old pace?

The answer was the red-coated Canandaiguans, bugles blaring, drums rattling and banging, marchers swinging down the field with the verve of a guard mount at Buckingham Palace. The old boys whooped for joy. One of them ran out onto the field, pranced and curvetted beside the drum major amid a thunder of applause, keeping it up until laughter and exhaustion tuckered him out and he dropped in a heap.

Lyons, in West Pointers' dress uniforms (but blue instead of gray), marched next, precise as cadets and as snappy in drill. The pace hasn't sagged a bit.

But it's going to be tough now for the next outfit!

Oh, yeah? Twenty-eight lads in sailor garb, average age thirteen, little Jackie Withiam, a fellow with a lot of personality and style, as their drum-major. The kids asked no odds to compete with any of their seniors. Did the ladies love Jackie and his gang? Did the old boys, too? Applause like a barrage burst for their performance. Watkins Glen hadn't dragged half way across the State to stage a bloomer.

Blue coats, shiny steel helmets—Memorial Post of Rochester followed. A big outfit, wonderfully drilled, as professional as the Washington Marine Band. Never once had these showmen let the pace drop.

But now they had to have a climax—a big one. It took the form of a review. All the outfits present swung out onto the field, aligned themselves in a long battalion front in lines gaudy as a circus; red coats, blue coats, sailors, West Pointers, the colors in the center. And then with the late afternoon's rose-pink sunlight shimmering on silvered steel helmets, the bent chiefs of the G. A. R. went slowly down the long line with their Legion comrades, inspecting.

The Grand Army guests were supposed to get away from the field day early, to get some rest before a dinner to be tendered to them (Continued on page 48).



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IN  
QUALITY

*The Ethyl pump stands side by side with other pumps, but it stands alone in quality. The only way to get Ethyl performance out of your car is to put Ethyl Gasoline into the tank . . .*

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**TO MAKE IT THE WORLD'S QUALITY MOTOR FUEL**





## K.O.'D BEFORE HE LEFT HIS CORNER!



**S**TAGE-FRIGHT? No, sir. Dirty work in the dressing room? No, sir. Two or three whiffs of that over-stale pipe and heavyweight tobacco did what fifty-seven opponents couldn't do . . . floored him!

A good pipe, like a good athlete, should be kept in good condition. A few moments' daily exercise with a pipe cleaner and a steady diet of mild, gentle Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco will keep any man's briar right in the very pink. We think we've found a milder combination of fragrant Kentucky Burleys. We think we've discovered a cooler, slower-burning blend. A large and growing army of contented pipe-smokers think so, too. Try one tin of Sir Walter and see what *you* think!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. A-410.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

## '18 Plays Host to '61

(Continued from page 47)

that night by the Daughters of Veterans. They didn't want to leave. All who could stuck around for other features. After the review came drills by the leather-necks of W. H. Cooper Marine Post and

the Auxiliary's drill team, both very snappy.

All in all, it was one of the most colorful and stirring shows you'd ever hope to see; The Legion had made its salute to the G. A. R. It had to be snappy—and it was!

## Ganging the Gangster

(Continued from page 25)

department of the Department of Justice, but despite the historic touchiness of the various States in the matter of their police power the Department is giving States and local communities valuable assistance in the fight to conquer gangsterism.

The Legion's Law and Order Committee believes that the extension of Federal authority to all crimes in any way interstate in character and the making it a Federal offense for criminals to escape across state lines will help overcome the difficulty of conflicting jurisdictions and will do away with the technicalities and delays of extradition.

In connection with this, the Ashurst-Sumners Act, passed by the last Congress, authorizing the various States to make compacts or agreements with one another with reference to the crime situation, deserves Legion support. Among other things these compacts would make it possible to extend the co-operation between probation systems, to permit one State to subpoena from another State witnesses needed in a criminal prosecution, and to allow law enforcement officers to get their man in another State. It must be remembered that all such compacts have to be drawn by the respective State Legislatures, and the Legion could well support such legislative action. The first two of these should be easy to secure, but I doubt if any State will want to surrender its sovereignty to the extent of authorizing officers of another State to make arrests within its boundaries.

As an instance of the need of co-operation between police forces I cite a case recently much in the news in my own State of Massachusetts. Late last winter a bank in a town near Boston was held up by a gang in an automobile. They killed two police officers, robbed the bank, and made their escape. For a time there appeared to be no effective clues available to state detectives working on the case. But some weeks later boys playing in some woods in a town less than ten miles away reported to the police that they had discovered an abandoned automobile in a clump of woods. The local police reported, not to the state detectives, but to the Boston city police, who came out to examine the car. Their search was apparently not exhaustive, and they were on their way back home when they met a couple of detectives from the state police

force who had heard gossip about the abandoned automobile and were on their way to see what it was all about. Despite the assurances of the pair who had looked at the car that nothing could be gained by examining it further, the State's detectives looked it over carefully. All of the identifying numbers had been obliterated, but clues discovered through the partitions in the cells of the battery and radio stabilizers plus painstaking, almost uncanny work enabled the state detectives to track down the guilty persons. Certain members of the Boston police proved of great help in this, as did those of Washington, and once the murderers had left the State, alarmed by indiscreet actions on the part of newspaper reporters, the New York City police gave excellent co-operation, capturing two of the fugitives in a hotel in that city after a struggle. A third man implicated in the murders, a graduate of one of our well known technical schools, was later taken in Boston, and the three have been convicted and are under sentence of death. District Attorney and Legionnaire Edmund R. Dewing, who conducted the prosecution for the Commonwealth, and a Norfolk County jury had the rugged courage and common sense to convict also a strikingly good looking young woman of being an accessory to the killings.

The point I wish to make in connection with this case is that it should have been a routine action for the police in that town where the automobile was discovered to notify the state police of the find. As it was, the chance circumstances I have outlined furnished the slender thread by which an appalling crime was cleared up. Too evidently police in some of our cities and towns look upon their work as a mere job. There should be intelligent schooling for all applicants for police positions, and once a man joins a force he should work to increase his efficiency both in his everyday duties and in preparing to meet great emergencies. Police work should be considered as a profession that calls for the best type of brains as well as stark courage, and the divine spark of honor must be instilled in office-holders with the power to appoint and remove law-enforcement officers.

The Chicago National Convention of the Legion by resolution asked Congress and the respective State Legislatures to regulate and control the sale of machine guns,



sub-machine guns and other lethal weapons. Possibly that resolution was a contributing factor in the passage of the Firearms Control Law in the 73d Congress. This law requires finger-printing and registration of owners of existing weapons of the machine-gun and sawed-off-shotgun types. It also imposes a tax of two hundred dollars per weapon on the future purchaser, besides requiring the furnishing of his photograph and finger-prints.

To obtain closer co-operation between The American Legion and law-enforcement agencies, your National Law and Order Committee has recommended to the National Executive Committee:

1. A program of general education through our news bulletins, newspapers and through Legion speakers stressing the facts that The American Legion stands for law and order and proper enforcement of the laws.

2. That every Post, at least once a year, conduct an open meeting dedicated to law enforcement, to be addressed by leading members of the law-enforcing authorities and other leading citizens.

3. The establishment of a direct contact between the heads of the local enforcement agencies and the heads of the Legion in the various districts and communities so that, if occasion requires, the members of the Legion can be called upon through regular channels by the local enforcement officers for assistance either under our emergency relief program, which is a part of the Legion policy, or in special emergency matters to be deputized as law enforcement officers.

4. That every school or college supported by state taxation funds set up a course of instruction and schooling for police officers and detectives to train and educate them in their duties and responsibilities.

5. To improve the efficiency, morale and personnel of the law enforcement agencies, that the members thereof be paid salaries and wages commensurate with the risks assumed and duties performed.

**T**O MAKE this country safe for its citizens there must be no truce with the forces of crime. The gangster and the racketeer must be fought vigorously and intelligently with every resource at the command of the nation. The Legion can do its best work through a program of education. To quote the report written for the May meeting of the National Executive Committee by my colleagues of the executive committee of the Law and Order Committee, Vincent A. Carroll of Pennsylvania, John A. Elden of Ohio, Judge Benjamin D. Farrar of Illinois, and Judge E. P. Mills of Louisiana, "Just as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so an awakened public consciousness is the most potent law-enforcement agency. Let the world know by word and deed that the Legion is strongly back of the idea that the criminal in this country can be best combatted when law and order has the unqualified support of the rank and file of our citizenry."



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**Before Cleaning**

After a few thousand miles, oxide coating, soot, and carbon coat spark plug insulators—wasting gas and impairing performance.



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The new AC Method removes all oxide coating, soot, and carbon. Insulator is clean as new—saving gas, restoring performance.

## Clean PLUGS SAVE GAS!

MAKE EASY STARTING, TOO . . . INCREASE POWER AND PEP. HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE AC METHOD . . . **5¢** per plug

Oxide coating forms on all spark plugs—wastes gas, causes hard starting and loss of power. The AC Spark Plug Cleaner *thoroughly* removes this coating. Badly worn plugs should, of course, be replaced with new ACs.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY Flint, Michigan St. Catharines, Ontario  
Plugs for Canadian market made at St. Catharines, Ontario

## GERMANY'S SECRET ATTACK UPON AMERICA

**I**N 1914, the German High Command carried the war to America . . . sinister, undercover warfare . . . bombing, burning, terrorizing.

Under the mask of diplomatic friendship and immunity, their Ambassadors and Consuls, their Military and Naval Aides launched a secret attack against this country . . . smuggling incendiary bombs aboard outbound ships, burning stocks of war material, destroying factories and fomenting strikes.

As told in the Source Records of the Great War, this story of Germany's attack upon America is a tale of intrigue and subterfuge, of plot and counter-plot . . . a tale of Germany in league with the underworld.

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Sit back in your easy chair and summon to your side the great war-time leaders, Foch, Haig, von Hindenburg, Pershing, Joffre, Ludendorff. Listen for awhile to their stories. Then, call the rulers of the world, President Poincare, Kaiser Wilhelm, King Albert, President Wilson, Czar Nicholas, Emperor Franz Joseph. A beckoning finger brings those who went "west" . . . a shade in Uhlan green snaps to attention before you, a doughboy who died in the Argonne, a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION, 350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

Please send me your complimentary booklet with further information about the Source Records.

Name.....  
Address.....



# Peace at a Reasonable Price

(Continued from page 17)

Since the day when John C. Caveman traded that first stone ax for a skin full of prehistoric trinkets, the munition maker has been with us. Whenever Ug or Glug or ourselves yearned for a weapon, always there was one willing hand offering while the other reached for the price. Munition makers of all time have lived up to their name by being upon the make. As the world wags, who are we to blame them? Most men scheme and toil to improve their financial state. Every age, up to now, has scorned him who could not or would not pay his own way. Perhaps the New Dealers will be able to change that. One wonders.

TRUE, there is more than one way of making money and some ways are better than others. Very serious criticism would not hold against a munition maker supplying his own country, in peace or war, with good arms quickly at low cost for a moderate profit.

But there could be no valid excuse for a munition maker, or any man, helping to start a war that he might make a profit.

Unfortunately for our faith in the good intent of mankind, unimpeachable evidence in overwhelming volume is not wanting that some munition makers have fomented war.

None of us would attempt to justify the man encouraging and inciting war. He who deliberately helps to bring war to his country is lower than an undertaker killing his neighbors wholesale to make business.

Now, Caveman's customer may have wanted to get a new wife, chastise an old one, discourage an enemy, fend off a saber-toothed tiger or kill a deer. The imagination could sanction these or a multitude of other desires for the stone persuader, but more than a suspicion lies that Caveman sold for sheer profit.

In short, the original weapon fashioner or vendor was not altogether altruistic. He was willing combat should come, and not above encouraging trouble.

We are not too tired by the struggles of life or so overwheeled by the disillusionments of ample experience to believe that men have grown more like men and less like animals since the day of the first armament transaction.

But there is still so much of the animal in us that when it bursts forth in some such beastliness as war we wonder and are shocked at ourselves.

Today most munition makers would scorn deliberately to plan war for a profit; but an informed, unprejudiced opinion dare not deny that temptation toward tacit if not active encouragement to war bears heavily upon all who would profit by it.

Since history tells us the least thing of humans some right-meaning men have op-

posed force as a way of settling differences of opinion. Beyond doubt the earlier days saw less disposition toward public or private peace. But it is now a good many years since the duel was in fashion among civilized disputants. Thus men seem to have come slowly but at last to an understanding that a gentleman's honor is more honored in the breach than in the observance of the dueling code. That the duel is an affront alike to good sense and good morals explains why it is held a crime in every English-speaking country. Settlement of private quarrels by force, then, to this extent has been outlawed, and rightly so.

Public quarrels, differences between nations, that is to say war, are inconceivably more cruel, evil and brutal than the most frightful duel. Efforts to outlaw war have been made, but to little or no effect, for they hang by no more than the gossamer thread of peacetime moral sanction. Governments, at least in English-speaking countries, enforce the law against the duel easily because it rests upon a majority public opinion. Laws against war have the sanction of enlightened, cultured opinion of all civilized nations when there is no war or immediate threat of war; but the sanction explodes into thin air when the national spirit is aroused by insult or imposition.

In the present state of human progress no adequate means is available to enforce prohibition of war. The Hague Tribunal and the League of Nations are the most recent futile efforts in this commendable direction, though the aspirations of men and nations for peace have their origins and consistent defeats through the ages from earliest antiquity.

The laudable endeavors of well-meaning men and women to attain lasting peace by means of disarmament are foredoomed to failure so long as selfishness, greed, and over-emphasized nationalism prevail.

Men and women who know mankind as it is, and not as they wish it to be, see nothing but risk of national suicide in a disarmament other than one carried forward equally and honestly in all countries at the same time.

NO, that blessed day has not yet come when we can say that wars are at an end. Those of us who know most about war as it has been and so can guess something of the immeasurably more loathsome thing it will be ardently desire a universally guaranteed and everlasting peace. Still we know that until mankind has made much more progress toward being Golden-Rule-minded wars will continue to come.

Nations fit to live will not fail to recognize the inevitability of war or the need to prepare in peace for success in an unavoidable war.

If then wars must come and if we believe

in the destiny of the United States of America as a nation fit to live for the sake of its own citizens and to forward the peace and well-being of all worthy in the world, inclination must be seconded by capacity, which demands a reasonable military preparation in peace for war. We cannot dodge our responsibility for the conclusion or the preparation.

Given a war from which there is no escape, what are the obligations of a self-respecting nation to God, the family of nations, its own citizens and itself?

Obviously to carry forward the war in accordance with international law; to rally every resource—spiritual, intellectual, physical—so that its utmost strength may be put forth, and to distribute the burdens of the conflict among its whole people in such fashion that every individual citizen shall bear her or his fair share of the load.

May we not express the hope that in the future any nation worthy to be called civilized will make every earnest, honest effort to obey the laws of war, and so dismiss that subject? Or if we are wrong in that hope, we may dismiss it anyway as nothing can be done about it.

THE case for the maximum of strength at a minimum cost, for offense or defense against an unavoidable enemy, is quite different.

A nation can make laws to govern its own people and easily enforce those laws if public sentiment is for them. And in the main, safe reliance may be placed upon obedience to laws based upon justice and good sense.

Citizens of the United States will not long hesitate to accept—indeed, it is felt they have already accepted—the principle of what is popularly known as the Universal Draft.

The American Legion, by far the largest and most powerful of the veteran organizations of the World War—much misunderstood and undervalued—was one of the original proponents of the Universal Draft. With that fine grasp of verities typical of many American citizen groups, with special knowledge born of experience the Legion is, and always has been, whole-heartedly for the Universal Draft.

It may be depended upon never to stop urging this worthy project upon the Congress and the people until it has been accepted and made law.

The Legion says, and it is right, that the Universal Draft means no profiteers and no slackers—in other words, a square deal for every citizen; a war at low cost and high efficiency if war must be.

Scarcely can there be discussion of the proposition, in the sense of existence on earth, that life is man's most valuable material possession. The United States has never hesitated in need to accept the ser-



vices of her men offering to lay down their lives for their country, and quite freely the draft of man-power has been applied.

Of course, if you are going to use man-power for war—and you should—the fairest way is by the draft, and as you must have other resources—money, supplies, transportation, labor—there is every reason to make these fully and equitably available at a minimum cost.

On no conception of justice does the exercise of the right to restrict the liberty, jeopardize the health, lessen the comfort, or take the life of a citizen justify leaving untouched any other resources.

Rather one would say that the nation ought to take everything else needed for help during a war in preference to making requisition upon the lives of its men.

The struggle which began with the birth of the Legion for a just distribution of war's weights is admirably set forth in a recent official pronouncement saying in part: that The American Legion "deeply and sincerely advocates the adoption by Congress of a fair and equitable plan for the utilization of all resources in national conflict, with equal obligation and opportunity for service for all and with special profit and privilege for none."

This country is rich enough and its responsibilities are so great that it should have its own sources of supply for every strictly military article. In factories designed, owned, and operated by the Federal Government, every inventive faculty of our people should be encouraged.

The Government, upon being forced into war, should have ready for instant distribution ample quantities of blue prints, specifications, tools, jigs and fixtures to permit early quantity production by factories normally engaged in producing goods of a related character to those required for military use.

Nor should the Government ever, or any factory at any time, be permitted to sell or supply other nations with munitions, except that this Government might in war be allowed to contribute munitions to an ally without charge.

But the importance to national existence of Universal Service, the Universal Draft, and the manufacture by the Government of all the strictly military articles required in peace with special provision for meeting war conditions cannot be over-stated.

A valuable contribution to the argument for the Universal Draft was made by Bernard M. Baruch, international financier and chairman of the War Industries Board during the World War. On the draft of all national resources to meet war's emergencies he lately said to a War College group:

"I want to put a ceiling over prices and profits, above which no prices and profits may go. Thereafter, a tax program must be enacted that will take away, in totality, the spread between selling prices and costs plus a reasonable return. There will then be far less profit in war than in peace.

"By parallel planning, there must also be control over all prices, goods, foods, rents, wages, services; (Continued on page 52)

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# Remington



## Peace at a Reasonable Price

(Continued from page 51)

in short, of all activities that yield a profit. All must be denied the right to enjoy a joy-ride at the expense of the nation.

Some way like the one proposed by Mr. Baruch, supplemented by the draft of manpower, will have to be used.

Whatever the way, we may rely upon Americans never to be satisfied until the

Universal Draft, Universal Service, and government manufacture in peace of all strictly military articles are written into national policy by law.

When that is done the chances of war both as to its coming and a successful issue from an unavoidable war will have been enormously changed for the better.

## Our Other National Game

(Continued from page 15)

routine of training and the experiences in the line, and for the football we of the 89th Division played in Kansas and in the A. E. F. after the Armistice. The mental and physical discipline, with the outdoor life and plain, wholesome food made exactly the ideal combination. I've heard a good many coaches talk to their teams between halves of games, but to me there has never been any talk more impressive than that Major General Frank L. Winn, commander of our division, gave us in our game with the 36th Division team for the A. E. F. championship. The score was 6 to 0 against us and the great crowd at the Velodrome near Paris included General Pershing and other high officers as well as a couple of thousand of the boys of our division who had come by special train from the watch on the Rhine. I can still see the General as he said, "Boys, this division has never yet failed to obey any order given by its commanding general, whether it was General Wood, General Wright or myself. You have taken every objective. You know those written orders that have been sent out from our headquarters. Right now I haven't time to write one out, but I am giving you an oral order. *I order you to take this game.*"

So we took it, 14 to 6. And was the division delighted! You see, a good many men had bet on our team right from the first game in the series of six and had allowed the money to accumulate with each victory. I know one fellow on the team brought back thirty thousand dollars by this pyramiding of his bets.

It's coming from behind and winning that makes a football team great. Youth, discipline, intelligence and courage, plus of course a great deal of native ability, is the combination we look for in a pro player. A player simply must have weight. The lightest man on our Detroit football team this fall with one exception weighed 194 pounds when the team reported for its first practice on the last day of August. Football is a wearing, bruising game, and though we don't have much scrimmage once the season is under way, there's a game every week for fourteen weeks or so, and with daily workouts the weight a man scales early in September is probably the

most he'll have until the season ends some time in December. A player has to submit himself to discipline (his own may be much more severe than that of the coach) because there is always someone else ready to step in and take his job away. It's quite likely a coach won't ask every man on the team to play the full sixty minutes of a game, but the player who isn't capable of staying the sixty minutes, barring injuries of course, will never get very far in the pro game.

When our players report the last of August for the season's play they are in pretty good physical condition. From twenty to twenty-five of them are under contract to play at a given amount per game. They have received instructions through the summer on how to keep themselves fit and have been given the name and playing record of every man under contract. When they report they must prove their fitness by running a mile in bare feet at an eight-minute clip, even if the thermometer is up to a hundred. Naturally, the feet are tremendously important parts of the football machine and we don't want them caving in at any time during the season.

We have practice twice a day, and beginning with the second week scrimmaging each day, but for not more than fifteen minutes. In addition to the players under contract perhaps ten or fifteen men will show up for the first practice. Within two or three days most of these will have left of their own accord, but there's always a chance of picking up a good player from among these volunteers. Last year three men who had come unheralded to the training camp were able to win regular places on our squad.

By the time we play our first practice game the squad will be down to thirty. There is a league rule that all teams must be cut to twenty-five players by the first league game and to twenty-two by the third game. It is sometimes necessary to play a practice game among our own squad to decide just who will survive, and this game you may be certain is as hard fought as any we have.

Once the team is down to twenty-two players we have established the esprit de



corps that a good army outfit has. We all live in the same house, have our meals together, travel together in our own bus to the other cities in the league, and in general do those things that are calculated to keep ourselves in shape to win. We let the men smoke and drink beer, and they make their own rules about the limit they'll have in card games. Every man under contract knows the importance of physical condition and team spirit and in most cases it is not necessary to talk about those things after the start of the season.

The most serious case with which I have had to deal concerned a couple of our players on the Portsmouth, Ohio, Spartans who got into a trivial argument in a card game and as a result quit speaking to each other. They were roommates and came from the same State, and they were both so good I would have had a hard time deciding which to let go. The feud started just before we left for the East to take on some of the strongest teams in the league. I had heard about the trouble, but thinking the matter would blow over, ignored it. But when we were held to a tie by the Staten Island team, which we had expected to defeat, I decided the time had come to take drastic action. So I called the two players up to my room. I didn't know exactly what I was going to say to them, but I happened to put my hand into a trouser pocket and felt a half dollar there.

I started in on them and told them how childish they were and of how they were wrecking the team's chances, that that sort of thing had gone far enough. Then I said, "I've got a half dollar here. I'm going to throw it up and one of you is going to be heads and the other tails. Whichever one lands face up is going to fire the other. Are you ready?"

"Just a minute!" one of them called out. "I guess I was a little hasty."

"No!" the other broke in. "It was my fault!"

And in a minute it was all over. Nobody had to be fired, and we became a team again.

When I first started in as a coach on the Portsmouth Spartans in 1931 I had a good many misgivings. Having coached college football and baseball teams for a number of years, I wasn't sure that the methods I was used to would produce results on a pro team. I had been told that there would be plenty of meddling by self-appointed critics and even interference by people who knew nothing about football beyond what they had picked up in watching games. I am glad I received the warnings, but the situation never became serious, and I can testify that I was given loyal support by the management and the people of Portsmouth during my three years there. Naturally, starting things in a new environment we expect to have a difficult job this first season in Detroit, but I don't think the players will be less anxious to win than the fans, and I hope we'll be able to chalk up a good many victories.



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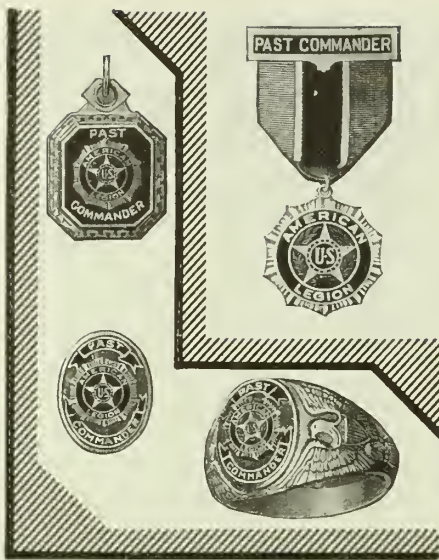
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# The Unknown General

(Continued from page 21)



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needed soothing, were studied. And when all the military representatives agreed on a policy there was something definite to go by.

Bliss's first effort was to establish a general reserve, so that when the German drive came it could be sent to the point of danger. But Haig for the British and Pétain for the French would spare no troops. Each thought the drive would be against his line. So Foch, the commander of the reserve, commanded only a piece of paper.

The great drive came on March 21st. Gough's British command was routed, dismembered. There was no reserve. The Germans forged on, cleaving the British and French armies. On March 25th a great gap had been cut between the two. That day the Germans were the nearest to victory during the war.

The crisis Bliss had foreseen had come. The spadework he had done for unity of control now had its reward. Foch was called to co-ordinate the action of the British and French. Pershing revived Allied spirits by his famous word to Foch that all that we had was at his call. Foch maneuvered fresh troops into the breach just in the nick of time. Bliss saw his hope of unity of control and a general reserve achieved under Foch to meet the next German offensive.

The impetus that Bliss's call for speed upon his return home from his first trip had given to the movement of our troops now became a rush.

Now to keep up the teamplay on the Supreme War Council. President Wilson, could he have been present, would have made the fourth black coat when Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando met. Pershing was three thousand miles away from home with his army, Bliss that far from our Government. He represented the President, his part both statesman and soldier. He was the U. S. A., on the Council, just as Pershing was the A. E. F. in the field.

"The French Representative on the Council can see and talk with his Prime Minister within thirty minutes," he wrote, "and the British Representative can in a few hours. Each can, and does, pick up a telephone and talk freely with his Prime Minister. I must rely on my best judgment."

It was the judgment his Government trusted. He read five languages aside from his own. If a document came to him in Russian he could read it as well as one in French or German. He did not have to depend upon interpreters to get at the truth of it. And the papers, with all kinds of suggestions and all kinds of schemes to get American money or power for some side line which would not help win the war, came to his desk in sheafs.

He read, he listened, he told a story, he

quoted from the Latin poets and the French, he applied American horse sense to calm passions and to adjust differences. He had the quality of seeing into minds of other races. He became the wise man on the Council as he was of our Army.

Foch used to say, "Take it to Bliss!" and "Let's have Bliss's advice on that!" When Bliss dug in and said, "My Government will not do that!" there was no budging him. He remained good-natured in his stubbornness. No difference of opinion was personal to him. He avoided the limelight, he never stepped out in front. This would have handicapped his influence as the unifier.

The craftiest and most subtle play could not draw him into any relation with Allied political aims. He was not there for politics. We had no politics except to win the war.

Influences were at work all the time to get behind Pershing through Bliss to Baker and the President, especially to get Pershing to mix his Army with the French and British. At the Abbéville Conference when this question came up, and Lloyd George put the question to Bliss, the sage merely turned his head and remarked, "That is for General Pershing to say."

He kept in touch with Pershing so as to know Pershing's mind. "Take that up with Pershing, and not with me." "Foch and Pershing can settle that together"—it was not a question for Clemenceau and Bliss. His weekly letter to Baker picturing conditions carried but one idea of his mission. He was there to help Pershing, as interference for Pershing, who carried the ball.

His team-play with Pershing was an example in practice of his preachments to the Allies. He might give them some hard truths about their dissensions, and they took the medicine from him when it would have been hard swallowing from anybody else.

With him were a few officers. His whole command was not equal to two squads. He never asked favors, but the impending loss of Private Gaston J. Theriot, Co. E, 406th Telephone Battalion, S. C. N. A., meant as much to Bliss as losing one of his divisions to the French to Pershing. To military statesmanship, Theriot, who spoke French, was probably the most valuable private in the Army, a member of the little Bliss family. When he was ordered to the S. O. S. Bliss said in remonstrance, "I would be literally swamped if it were necessary for him to be taken away." Theriot was the only telephone operator he had who could handle business in French.

"I have to run a telephone service day and night in three shifts," said Bliss. "I have not only to be prepared to receive immediately telephonic dispatches from the British War Office and Prime Minister,



but also, in French, from the French War Office in Paris and from M. Clemenceau, as well as General Foch and other generals, and receive over the telephone dispatches from Washington and General Pershing." The four-star General had enough pull to retain Theriot.

He loved music. At the Liberty Day celebration at Versailles in a chilly down-pour the 369th Infantry Band kept faith by turning out. That touched Bliss in a soft spot in his heart and he sent the band a letter of thanks for "their delightful concert without a sheet of music."

It made a break in his grind over the flood of papers and the eternal confabulations for teamplay. He had walks for exercise; and sometimes he got out to the front. He had not given up the habit of talking to himself; and once at Rheims he stood aside looking at the ruins and gave the barbarism of war and its destruction of churches all the curses at his command, calling other languages than his own to his aid in doing it.

He saw the immense Army which he had planned as Chief of Staff for 1919 coming in time in 1918; and heard the thrilling news that our men were across the Paris road at Château-Thierry, which canceled the French orders to pack up papers in the Supreme War Council with a view to retreat. They were in time to meet the last offensives, and then the show-down which he prophesied the Germans would force in 1918, win or lose, and it was lose for them at St. Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne.

He filed away all the praise of our soldiers from the Allies so history would have it when memory grew dim. They were Pershing's soldiers, Pershing's triumph, but he could feel, as the Chief of Staff who had nursed the great plan, that they were his soldiers, too.

*In a third article in this series, to be published next month, Frederick Palmer will tell "The Inside Story of the Armistice," based on important data in the Bliss papers which has never before been made public.*

## Do War Stories Grow?

(Continued from page 4)

the men who engaged in the Monthly's contest, having learned that I was collecting prize war stories, have been sending me the self-same stories they sent the Monthly and won prizes on. I've heard the same yarns related many times since the contest. But a comparison proves that many of the stories have been cut and toned down. In many cases a much better snapper, or climax, has been substituted. The same men, relating the same stories, have chosen to use the hated blue pencil on themselves. Yet the essential details of the stories have not been changed, indicating that facts, not fiction, have been used.

It is not impossible that these fellows were given the bird in their home town for their early efforts, and therefore decided they would be more exact. At any rate, I can truthfully say that nine-tenths of them have trimmed their sails.

Of the bales of war stories I have collected, not more than half a hundred are unprintable. This, too, is an improvement, because as I recall the experiences related to me by the readers of a war story contest several years ago, the mail had to be opened by a man lest some charming young ladies working in the office be shocked. Yet, with the changing of a word here and there, those bad stories could be told in mixed company. I will frankly confess that I've retold them all, and I'm still being invited out more than I can go with my rapidly mounting age and debility.

The third charge, about a fellow not giving a true account simply because another man has related the experience before, is true and is not true. Anyone with an iota of brains would readily understand how an experience might happen to

several men alike in a great and spread-out conflict like the war. Usually at least a squad of men were in the same vicinity at the same time. All of the men could have been witnesses to an episode, and the same episode could have happened on several other parts of the front. And perhaps at the very same moment.

Not any two of these men could relate the same story alike. So, far from considering a man a liar when he tells a story similar to one I've heard before, I regard his story as bearing out the truth of the other yarn.

Veterans are the ones who feed each other the hokum most. Say we hear a yarn from Jim Jones. He gives us dates, names of towns and individuals involved. Joe Jinks hears the yarn. Joe then announces that Jim Jones is an unmitigated liar, because the experience didn't happen that day, nor at that place. And, as a matter of fact, which he can prove, Joe Jinks was on the spot when it happened, so there! I've had this happen to me several hundred times.

When I use another man's yarn for the edification of others it is my wont to make some inane remark about the experience related and give the original teller a bird or two, especially if he be a marine. Once I wanted to give certain facts about the number of men in our uniform who had been caught aiding the enemy in different ways, the disposition of their cases, and so forth. So I wrote to both the War and Navy Departments for the required data. It was forthcoming. I repeated the data word for word. In both cases the letters transmitting the data were signed by responsible officials. I didn't say where the information (Continued on page 56)

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YOU could play a fire-hose on my improved Buck Skin and though the force of water would knock you over, not a drop could seep through. This process, developed exclusively for me by Du Pont, will keep you bone dry in the worst storm.

**\$6.00 WITH 6 BUTTONS**

Whether Buck Skin is worn by Admiral Byrd in the fierce gales of the Antarctic, or whether you wear Buck Skin to hunt in, fish in, or as a general utility jacket, whether it be water, wind, or freezing cold—the natural heat of your body is locked in and the weather is shut out.

Buck Skin is as soft and velvety as a downy suede. It's light weight and superb tailoring allow plenty of body freedom. And it wears—it wears like saddle leather. And washes beautifully.

The soft fleece inner-lining and the concealed knitted wristlets add their warm comfort. Note the slashed reinforced pockets cut deep and extra big. "Cossack" self-bottom (as illustrated) or knitted wool bottom. Slide fastener, or you can save a dollar by buying the Buttoned Jacket. My new shade "Honey brown" is a deep tobacco brown that doesn't show dirt easily. It's a honey. Also comes in navy called "Arctic Blue."

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Yours truly,

**Buck Skin Joe**

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212 Fifth Ave., Dept. L10, New York City  
See that I get my new Buck Skin Jacket in the style and color checked.

Jacket pictured above with Slide \$7.00 ☐  
The same Jacket with Buttons \$6.00 ☐  
If knitted bottom desired check here ☐  
Colors: Brown ☐ or Navy ☐

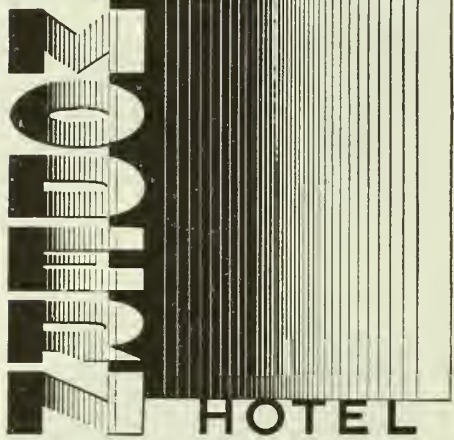
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Wash., D. C. Estab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

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Anoint with

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Cooks A Meal For 1¢

Slips Into Any Old Stove, Range or Furnace; Beats Coal or Wood; No Dirt or Ashes; HALF THE COST.

United Factories, 103 Exchange Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., have brought out an amazing oil burner which experts and 15,000 users say beats any ever gotten out. Burns cheap oil a new way, without generating or clogging up; gives intense heat at HALF COST by turn of valve. One free to one person in each locality who will demonstrate and act as agent. Write quick, be first to learn how to end drudgery of coal and wood and make big money, spare or full time—mail 1c postcard today.

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A REVOLUTIONARY Chemical Sponge has just been invented that cleans cars like magic. Banishes auto-washing drudgery. Also cleans linoleum, woodwork, windows without work! Auto owners and housewives wild about it!

The manufacturer wants 500 men and women at once to help him introduce this strange chemical sponge. He has a special No-Risk Trial Offer for the first person in each locality who writes him. Send in your name today—also ask for full particulars on how you can get the Agency and without experience or risk have a BIG STEADY INCOME. Address: KRISTEE MFG. CO., 340 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO

## Do War Stories Grow?

(Continued from page 55)

came from. A few days after I used the data I got one of the hottest letters I've ever seen. It was from a clerk in one of the departments mentioned. He read me the riot act for giving misinformation. Now if those swivel chair artists can't get together on their own records, how in the blue blazes can over four million veterans be expected to harmonize their stories?

The theme which engages the greatest number of enlisted men, and the action woven around the theme, that of a knock-out blow given an officer, is mostly bunk. Most enlisted men like to relate how they took a crack at the jaw of some fresh shave-tail or other superior officer. I've been in the service longer than the average veteran has been and the nearest I ever came to seeing an enlisted man take a poke at an officer was watching some braggart demonstrate how he had done it—minus the presence of the sockee. It stands to reason that there were such cases, but I have to take them with a shakerful of salt.

The second largest group of plain liars, if my study means anything, are the officers who beat up hard-boiled old sergeants who seemed to be usurping some of their authority. These officers who went on the war path show less originality in the treatment of their theme than the enlisted men do.

In this group of prevaricators we find the officer has been misunderstood by his men, that the hardboiled old sergeant is running the company pretty much to suit himself, and that finally the officer is crossed by said sergeant. Of course, unless the officer took the bull by the horns and beat the daylight out of the offender, said officer would lose cast with his men. Then comes the part where the officer tells the sergeant where to head in. Without exception all of these scrapping, misunderstood officers removed their Sam Browne belts, blouses and ornaments and proclaimed themselves the equals of the sergeants.

Usually the officer exposed the sergeants before the unit, bawling him out thoroughly, the while removing his gear. It is explained that the officer did all this to keep his enemy from getting cold feet and refusing to fight. The scrap is always one of those toe-to-toe slugging affairs. The sergeant is always much bigger and stronger than the officer, but the officer gets an advantage over him by the manner of the exposure and by his very daring in tackling the culprit. I gather that the other men of such units practically removed their helmets in awe of the grit exhibited by their commander. For every man in the outfit was afraid of that particular sergeant.

Can't you almost see the hard-boiled old sergeant standing there trembling after being worked up by the youthful officer? Well, if you can, you've got a darn

sight better eye-sight than your Uncle Dan. I strongly suspect that should an officer indicate his intentions of punishing me in a like manner, and knowing that such challenges are strictly taboo, and considering the consequences, I would up and poke the buzzard on the schnozzola about the moment he was taking off his Sam Browne.

The nearest I ever came to seeing an officer getting ready to fight an enlisted man was in Démange-aux-Eaux. Something had been done that aroused the ire of the major. We all knew our captain to be the guilty party, though we were all for him. When the major hove in view, spitting fire, the captain had to make a show to eliminate himself from suspicion, so he called us to attention and proceeded to remove his Sam B. and blouse. Then he addressed himself to the assembled company in the presence of his nibbs, the major.

"Listen, men!" he roared. "Some dirty rat in this company has committed a serious infraction of the regulations." Here he related the details of the crime which he himself had committed. After pointing out what a terrible thing it was, and that the outfit would be given a black eye as a result of the misdeed, the skipper removed his bars, horse-hide and twisted brass. Then he invited the guilty man to step forward. "I will thrash the tar out of the man who has committed this serious offense," he challenged. No one took him up.

The major went on his way, pleased that he had such a fighting captain. We all laughed up our sleeves. The captain, however, would probably have fainted had one of our better scrappers stepped forward to claim the honor in the presence of the major.

I have found that Canadian veterans like to tell about their war experiences better than the fellows in this country. And, I might add, those fellows can tell them! And it has been proved to me beyond all doubt that the marines are the best story-tellers of them all. More than that, they are more prolific by ten to one than all other classes of veterans.

What I like about the marine stories, as a whole, is that they don't claim them to be facts. Naturally, I usually give them the bird in a big way, and for a while I thought I had them retreating, but I didn't reckon with the esprit de corps of the marines. They have a rep to uphold. The worst feature, from a plain soldier's point of view, is that the wilder the story by a marine, the more plausible it seems to the average civilian.

There was a marine who sent me a story, and I promptly used it, because I wanted to give him a Bronx cheer. He claimed that he was called upon to take thirty soldiers and show them how to make a raid to capture enemy soldiers for informa-



tion purposes. All of the thirty were lost. Alone, he crawled into the enemy lines. He killed sixty of the enemy and captured forty. When he got them back to the American lines he turned them over to some of the "tin soldiers."

The marine then repaired to his dugout. He was a bit peckish. He started nibbling on some stale war bread and some pretty crummy cheese. While gorging himself on this repast he noticed the fiery eyes of a huge trench rat above him on one of the beams holding the top of the dugout. The rat was foraging for food. He crept along the beam until he came to three hand grenades that had been put up there out of the way. The rat decided to appropriate one of the nice little pineapples for his nest or something.

As the rat hooked his long tail through the pin-ring of the grenade, the marine quite naturally wondered what ho. Then the rat started dragging the grenade along the beam, and as I understand the scene, the grenade was rolling dangerously close to the edge. Any moment the damn thing might roll off the beam, and the weight of the grenade, if the rat held the pin, would pull the pin, explode the grenade, and toodle-oo marine and rat. Though the marine was fatigued from his recent heroic feats, his sharp wits were still working. He drew his automatic to shoot the rat. He was just drawing a fine bead on the rodent, when—

A shell exploded without, and the shaking of the earth dislodged a timber above the rat. In falling, the timber severed the rat's tail. "Otherwise," claimed our hero, "I'd not be here to relate the yarn."

As will be seen, the marine sort of belittles his own alleged ability as a marksman when he says he wouldn't be here to tell the story, because he already had a bead on the rat and was going to stop those fumadiddles had not the providential shell exploded.

Well, it so happens that I am very fond of telling rat stories. I was justified in thinking this marine was stealing my stuff, though his experience was entirely different from any of mine. What with him being a marine and spinning rat yarns, I couldn't restrain myself from adding what I thought was a pip of a sequence to his whopper.

Claimed I, in the sequence, that I was glad to get this story, because it cleared up

a mystery of fifteen years for me. While a mess sergeant in the A. E. F. I had a pet rat. Further I used to send my pet rat, Toby by name, into the quarters of the other soldiery and incite him to steal ten-franc notes, cigarettes, and whatever else he could find that he thought I could use. I used to reward Toby with rare tidbits from my kitchen.

Then, I continued, Toby once followed the outfit into the lines without us knowing it. (The outfit that won the war, of course.) "Well," I concluded, "Toby must have got in that dugout with the marine, because when he returned he had his tail severed." As a final blast I claimed that Toby was still alive—I admitted that he was slightly bulging around the midriff, as aren't most of us old veterans? The last claim I made was that Toby couldn't stand the sight of a marine.

I sent that story with the comment to an editor I thought might be interested. The next day he wired me as follows: "Think rat story most exceptional coincidence of the war stop please rush immediately photograph of your pet." And this part of the story, at least, has the merit of being absolutely true.

Cooties, food, and those precious little hillocks by the door of every Frenchman's home engage the memory of many veterans. Many yarns include all three subjects.

So far as American veterans are concerned, there is very little of the ghastlier side of the war recounted. On the other hand a great majority of Canadian veterans prefer incidents that would bring tears to the hardest-boiled.

This difference between two sets of veterans who have much in common is not due to the fact that the Canadians were in the war for more than four years while we were only in a bit over a year. I'm sure of this because the fellows in Canada who saw only a few months of action send me the same kind of tear-jerkers.

Embarrassment over the misunderstanding of an order or for the fracture of some regulation which was silly happened in every outfit on land and sea. Close calls produce a great variety of stories. These visitations at death's door, usually being concluded with a good laugh, for the most part seem realistic. They make one's hair stand on end, if one has any left, but the stories are real experiences.

## "Fate Unknown"

(Continued from page 36)

commanded the division in the Soissons Offensive, July 18-19, 1918.

More than two-thirds of the required funds have been contributed by veterans of the Division. A list of the veterans who contributed is being assembled and will be sealed in the monument, together with important records of the Division. Second Division men are invited to send their contributions, no matter how small, to Cap-

tain C. O. Mattfeldt, P. O. Box 1361, Washington, D. C.

WITHIN the next four weeks Assembly will sound for the Legion national convention in Miami, Florida—October 22d to 25th are the dates—but just as important to many of the thousands of Legionnaires will be the Assembly Call to the outfit (Continued on page 58)

# TOBACCO STAYS MOIST EVEN IN DRY DEATH VALLEY

**Member of engineering party reports that his tobacco remained in good order in unusual heat**

Pipe smokers sometimes have difficulty in securing their favorite pipe tobacco in perfect condition.

"It is too dry," one smoker will declare. "It is too moist," another will assert with equal emphasis.

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Nov. 15, 1933

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Richmond, Va.  
Gentlemen:

I would like to say a word for your vacuum packed tins of Edgeworth. Last summer I spent a month in Death Valley on an engineering and geological field trip. We took several pounds of Edgeworth, all in the vacuum tins. Soon after arrival each of the vacuum tins was opened so that the several members of the party could replenish their pouches. Of course, we kept the lids on the tins.

The thermometer was around 130° to 140° of dry blistering heat, but during all this time none of our tobacco dried out the least bit.

This is as good a test as any, I think, and it proves that the can is as airtight after it has been opened as before.

The tobacco in our pouches was as dry as tinder.

Would you please send me information in regard to joining your Edgeworth Club? I have intended joining it for a long time, but until now, never got around to it.

Very cordially yours,  
Leo Hudspeth

Vacuum packed Edgeworth is sold in several sizes from two ounces to half pound and pounds. It is the same Edgeworth—the only difference is the packing in the round airtight tins. In these hermetically sealed tins the tobacco is proof against both climate and careless handling. At the factory in Richmond there is great competition among



Edgeworth in vacuum packed tins—2 oz. to full pounds.

the men when a tin of vacuum packed Edgeworth happens to be returned by a dealer. The men declare that in these airtight tins Edgeworth actually improves with age.

If, in addition to the regular 15-cent pocket tin, your dealer does not carry Edgeworth in vacuum packed tins, he can easily get it for you. If he will not do so, please write to the makers, Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.



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Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.

Name.....  
Address.....

# "Fate Unknown"

(Continued from page 36)

reunions. While some of these reunions have been in preparation for months past, there will be many additional last-minute impromptu meetings of other outfits just as there always are at national conventions.

Particulars of the following convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are listed:

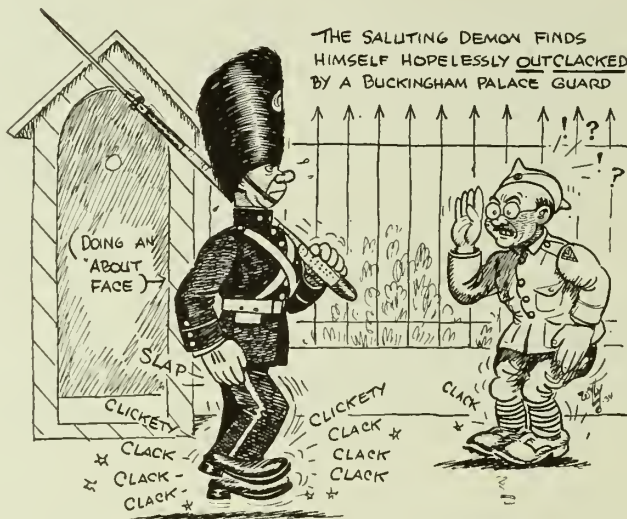
106TH SUP. TRN., Co. A—M. F. Avery, 19 N. W. 3d st., Miami, Fla., or W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago, Ill.

2d U. S. CAV.—To include all members of regiment. Ex-Sgt. D. M. Beavers, Dora, Ala.

420TH TEL. BN., Co. E, S. C.—Send names, addresses to Roy W. Ewing, Route 1, Box 776, Hialeah, Fla.

22D SERV. Co., S. C., U. S. EMBARKATION DIV.—Proposed reunion. H. E. Tripp, Jr., 161 Broad street, Newbern, N. C.

NATIONAL ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Reunion headquarters, Hotel Everglades, Miami. Wilford L. Jessup, natl. comdg. officer, Bremerton, Wash.; Craig S. Herbert, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa., or R. J. Walters, Miami Aquarium, Miami.



NATIONAL ORGANIZATION AMERICAN LEGION NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Flora Sheldon, natl. secy., 2176 Atkins av., Lakewood, Ohio.

NATIONAL YEOMEN F.—Ninth annual meeting and reunion luncheon, Wed., Oct. 24, 1 P.M. Mrs. Adele Mead Kendrick, chmn. reunion comm., 1453 S. W. 7th st., Miami.

WOMAN WORLD WAR VETERANS—All women who hold honorable discharges from Army, Navy or Marine Corps eligible. Mrs. Mary C. Butz Grimstead, 1529 Seventh av., Bradenton, Fla.

1st Div.—Proposed reunion. Ed Hancock, City Hall, Miami Beach, Fla.

2d Div.—Proposed reunion. Capt. W. J. McCarthy, Police Dept., Miami.

3d U. S. Div.—Maj. E. J. Close, Box 3064, Miami.

4TH Div.—National reunion, Miami. Memorial service, sight-seeing trip, surf bathing, reunion banquet, stage review, souvenir badges and cap—all for one registration fee of \$2.50. Bring your family. Miami registration office open now and until Oct. 25. Call or send name and former outfit, with stamped envelope for program and *Key Leaf Bulletin* to Ralph C. Graham, Room 306, County Court House, Miami.

26TH (YANKEE) Div.—Reunion during convention. W. L. Loneragan, chmn., Route 2, Box 650, Tampa, Fla.

30TH (OLD HICKORY) Div.—Convention reunion in addition to regular biennial reunion (see general reunions).

Claude S. Ramsey, pres., Asheville, N. C.

37TH Div.—Convention reunion in addition to regular reunion (see general reunions list). Donald S. Lavign, chmn., 114 N. E. 2d av., Miami, Fla.

81st (WILDCAT) Div.—Reunion. Lysle E. Fesler, Atlantic Printing Co., 653 Washington av., Miami Beach, Fla.

53D INF., Co. L, 6TH Div.—Proposed company reunion. Cecil H. Pillans, ex-1st. segt., Haines City, Fla.

103D M. G. BN., 26TH Div., also Hq. Co., M. P. SCHOOL, Autun, France—Veterans interested in proposed reunion, address W. L. Loneragan, Route 2, Box 650, Tampa, Fla.

4TH ENGRS.—Patrick J. Ganley, comdr., Ft. Dearborn Post, A. L., 6312 Greenwood av., Chicago, Ill.

21ST ENGRS., L. R. Soc.—14th annual reunion. Frank L. Frazin, secy-treas., 1825 S. Hamlin av., Chicago, Ill.

28TH ENGRS., A. E. F. VETS.—Erick O. Meling, pres., 2045 N. Spaulding av., Chicago; Frank T. Cushman, secy-treas., 12206 Lowe av., Chicago, Ill.

56TH, 603D and 604TH ENGRS. (SEARCHLIGHT)—W. H. White, 4831 Park av., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

60TH RV. ENGRS.—L. H. Poord, secy., 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

212TH ENGRS., Co. D, 12TH Div.—To include all members of division. A. B. Parks, 318 Cotton States bldg., Nashville, Tenn.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Veterans of Units 301-2-3, M. T. C., located at Nevers and Verneuil, France.

Hilmer Gellein, pres., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.; Verne M. Corson, reunion officer, 1161 W. Flagler st., Miami, Fla.

35TH AERO SQDRN. and 801ST AERO SQDRN.—(See general reunion list below.) D. K. Mitchell, 51 Park av., Middleport, N. Y.

60TH AERO SQDRN. (later 472d Aero Sqdrn.), assigned to 1st Prov. Aero Wing—Reunion. Bob Moulden, P. O. Box 503, Orlando, Fla.

AIR SERV., CARLSTROM and DORR FIELDS—J. Leo Scanlon, 487 Ellicott Sq. bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

13TH AERO CONSTR. Co., AIR SERV.—Proposed reunion. J. W. Smith, ex-1st. segt., 4011 N. W. 19th av., Miami.

BASE HOSP. 136, A. E. F.—Elmer V. McCarthy, M. D., secy., 108 North State st., Chicago, Ill.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 15 ASSOC.—Rev. John Dunphy, pres., Portage, Pa. Write to Mrs. Mary Johnson Cuttler, secy., 76 West st., Milford, Mass.

CAMP HOSP. No. 52, LE MANS, FRANCE—Albert Irwin Almand, 333 Holderness st., S. W., West End, Atlanta, Ga.

117TH M. O. R. S., 42D Div.—James P. Stickle, P. O. Box 3363, Daytona Beach, Fla.

SUBMARINE and SUB-TENDER VETS.—Irving H. Hunciker, 833 South blvd., Evanston, Ill.

U. S. A. CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—Veterans of all outfits that served in the Zone during the World War period, including the 5th, 10th, 29th and 33d Inf., 12th Cav., 3d Engrs., 1st Sep. Mtn. Art., C. A. C. of Forts Grant, Sherman, De Lesseps, etc., Aviation Corps, M. C. Louis J. Gilbert, pres., 260 Gregory av., Pas-saic, N. J.

NATIONAL TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Frank J. Williams, natl. comdr., 504 Brisbane bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. S. Barney—C. W. Chase, Jr., Miami Beach, Florida.

U. S. S. Iowan—Stanley W. Campbell, 822 Jefferson av., Scranton, Pa.

Announcements of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

27TH Div. ASSOC.—State-wide convention, Hotel St. George, Clark and Henry sts., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 12-14. For information write to Capt. Lawrence P. Clarke, Suite 274, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn.

30TH (OLD HICKORY) Div. ASSOC.—Biennial reunion, Asheville, N. C., Sept. 28-30. Claude S. Ramsey, pres., or Irwin Monk, secy., Asheville, North Carolina.

33D Div. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and convention, Peoria, Ill., in Dec. Date to be announced. William E. Keith, secy., 209 N. LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.

35TH Div. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Joplin, Mo., Sept. 28-30. Michael C. Sullivan, secy., 304 East 11th street, Kansas City, Missouri.

107TH INF. VETS.—16th annual reunion and dinner, to informal guest of honor, Lt. Col. Nicholas Engel, C. O. of regiment in France, at Hotel Astor, Broad-



way and 44th st., New York City, at 6 P.M., on Sept. 29th, anniversary of breaking of Hindenburg Line in 1918 by 27th and 30th Divs. Veterans and friends invited. For reservations, write to Louis J. Altieri, 122 East 42d st., or John E. Walpole, chmn., 643 Park av., New York City.

306TH INF. ASSOC., 77TH DIV.—Reception and ball at Hotel Taft, New York City, Friday, Oct. 5, at 9 P.M. Gen. Vidmer will present Purple Heart Medals to men wounded in action. Former members send names and addresses so they may receive copy of *Headache*, regimental monthly paper. Samuel Kay Kuzminsky, secy., 123 E. 92d st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

313TH INF.—Reunion, Baltimore, Sept. 29. C. Erdman Albiker, chmn., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—15th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Sept. 29. Ray Cullen, 6630 Dorel st., Philadelphia.

316TH INF., M. G. Co.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Sept. 29. James F. Tracy, Jr., 737 Spring Garden st., Philadelphia.

52D PIONEER INF.—Reunion, New York City, Sat., Nov. 10. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

55TH ART., C. A. C., VETS. ASSOC.—5th annual convention, Biltmore Hotel, Providence, R. I., Oct. 12-14. Earl L. Cooney, Biltmore Hotel, Providence.

107TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 10. Joe A. Hrdlick, secy., 2209 W. 41st st., Milwaukee, Wisc.

MARINES—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19. Archie M. Benson, chmn., 75 W. Randolph st., Chicago.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—16th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 10. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 415 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 8—14th annual reunion, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, Oct. 13. Herman C. Idler, secy., 1500 E. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia.

U. S. S. *Solace*—Annual reunion of shipmates, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 3. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hosp., Philadelphia.

DEPT. OF ARIZONA, A. L.—Will hold its convention in Tucson, Ariz., Sept. 27-29. All veterans organizations, especially 340th F. A., 89th Div.; 158th Inf., 40th Div., and 42d Div., are invited to hold reunions at that time and place. F. R. Cottrell, chmn. of reunions comm., American Legion Hq., Tucson.

**W**HILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

513TH ENGRS., Co. A—Capt. HUMPHRIES, Sgts. D. L. LANSTON, Roy D. LACY and DEMPSEY and others who recall throat infection and operation of George BECKELHYMER at Newport News, Va., Mar., 1918.

U. S. S. *Leviathan*—Water-tender James MARSHALL, Firemen Edgar S. BURROUGHS and Joseph Jacob HAAS and others who recall Virgie E. ("Kentucky") BURRELL being overcome by heat and sent to sick bay for treatment.

COURTNEY, Arthur A., served with 43d Co., 11th Bn., 166th Depot Bgde., Camp Lewis, Wash. Legion member, 35 years old, medium dark hair, dark eyes, about 5 ft. 8 in., weight about 140. Last heard from in Miami, Fla., two years ago. Endeavoring to locate on behalf of 14-year-old son.

17TH ENGRS., Co. E—Former members, especially men who recall Tom M. DICKEY being injured account bale of hay falling off freight car while switching, Oct. 14, 1918, at warehouse No. 2, St. Nazaire, France.

CASUAL Co. 127, Sable DeLeon, France—John HOLUB or HOLLOP of Ill., can assist Johannes FANDRICH with claim.

OFFER (or OFFER), Cella, last known addresses in New York City. Information wanted regarding whereabouts as she is beneficiary of brother, Joe Fox, who died in California in 1931.

47TH ENGRS., Co. B—Former comrades who recall Joe F. FRANK suffering with sprain and varicose veins in France and placed on light duty, Sept., 1918, and Mar. and Apr., 1919. Also men who recall FRANK being sent to base hosp. in Tours.

BASE 25, Corfu, Greece, 1918—CLEARY, MAY, FRANK, BRINKLEY and others who recall Ph. M. Elmer F. FRY being kept on duty during flu epidemic, later working at road building in swamp during rain. Sleep walker; on report several times before transfer to Austria.

339TH INF., Co. B—Lt. Albert M. SMITH of same company in Archangel, Russia, can assist William LALANDE, patient in 53d British Annex Hosp., Oct., 1918, at same time with him, with claim.

350TH INF., Co. A—Pvts. William LEWIS, Delbert POLSON or William TUETT who recall sickness of James McCUNE at Naiforgus (?), France, Dec., 1918, and Jan., 1919.

31ST Co., 3d PLAT., GEN. SERV. INF.—Joseph McDONALD, McLAUGHLIN, BLACK, Thomas R. McCLELLAN, Sgts. WAY and Wm. N. CHAMBERLAIN, Cpl. DUNDEA and others who recall John E. MACDONALD being patient in post hosp., Ft. Thomas, Ky., Oct., 1918.

80TH (or 88TH) BALLOON Co., Camp John Wise, San Antonio, Tex.—Capt. BRUCE, Eliga WRIGHT, Pat. McCURE, Roy PHELPS and others who recall Harry A. MARTIN suffering from foot trouble and short breath.

12TH Co., C. A. C., also 49TH and 9TH Co., C. A. C.—Lt. James CAMPBELL, Cpl. RUDD, Cpl. LOGAN, Pvt. Clarence BOWLES and others who recall disability of Roy F. MORELAN.

358TH INF., Co. F, 90TH DIV.—Former comrades who recall Edward SINGHISEN, messenger, being gassed in Argonne offensive, Nov. 9-10, 1918.

M. T. C. No. 329, Camp Holabird, Md.—Former comrades who recall Dwight SWANK suffering from mumps; also later illness at Camp Sherman, Ohio, during flu epidemic.

358TH INF., M. G. Co.—Capt. Mark D. FOWLER and others who recall John P. MORGAN being disabled on hike from France to Germany.

BASE HOSP. No. 27—Cpl. Daniel H. BURTON, Bert S. DOUGLAS and other patients who recall Clarence M. STEPHENS suffering from flu and pneumonia and bad condition of legs.

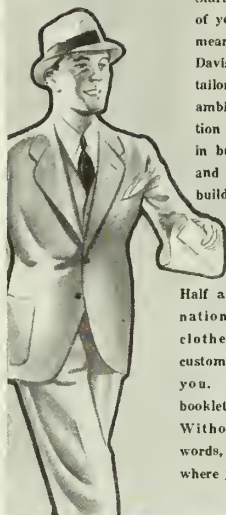
159TH DEPOT BGDE., 34TH Co., Camp Taylor, Ky.—Former comrades to assist John A. CRUTCHER with claim.

A. O. A. R. D., R. R. REP. ENGRS.—Former comrades who recall Alfred A. GRAHAM, cook, suffering with rheumatism at Brest and Angers, France.

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The Company Clerk

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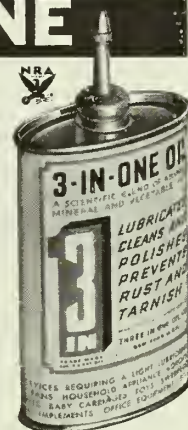
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# Tomorrow Belongs to Us

(Continued from page 6)

practice pads made for the drummers in order to eliminate as much of the noise as possible. But bugles are noisy, and one of our chief problems has been to find a place where we could practice twice in succession. We have no uniforms as yet, but each boy has an official Sons of the Legion cap, which we wear with blue shirts and white trousers. The members of the corps are looking forward to having a uniform of their own design within the next year.

The members of the parent post take a very lively interest in the squadron and the doings of the youngsters. One of the members gave the squadron the use of his camp during the summer months. The camp is located on Elk River, one of the most beautiful of the many West Virginia rivers, within easy reach of our home city. The Elk has many fine swimming pools and the surrounding woodland afforded the Sons an opportunity to study something of woodcraft. The camp itself is located in a bend of the river, with free-flowing water, guaranteeing a swimming pool filled with the purest of water. The one building on the camp site is called the "Administration Building," and sleeping tents are provided by several of the boys. The camp, under proper supervision, made a very safe and pleasant place to spend one or two weeks—or several week-ends—during the hot summer months.

John Brawley Squadron has taken up some responsibilities. Our aim is to be of service to our community in the same way that the Legion is serving. There are many necessary things that boys can do which, when added up, will make our home city a better place to live in. One of the things we have done is to rope off a section of a beach on the Great Kanawha River used for swimming by the juniors. How many lives we have or may save cannot be guessed, but we have added to the safety of the boys who use the beach.

Last spring we had our heaviest fall of snow after the birds had come back from the South. The squadron immediately began making preparations to feed them, saving the lives of many of the songbirds we enjoyed so much later. We also had a contest in building bird-houses. The houses entered in the contest were later exhibited at the Legion hall. Other contests, such as compositions dealing with local history and membership drives, were carried on throughout the winter months.

Our squadron, and I believe it true of all the others, is always anxious to assist the parent post and civic organizations in any way possible. We offered our services as cloak room boys at the Armistice dance, as pages at the Legion Auxiliary convention; as guides at the first meeting of the George Washington Foundation Commission which was held in the State Capitol Building, and in many other capacities. When National Commander Hayes, whom

we recognize as our Commander-in-Chief, visited our home city the Sons were on hand to greet him. We sang a song of welcome to Commander and Mrs. Hayes which was written especially for that occasion. At Christmas time several weeks were spent in gathering toys among the members of the squadron and their friends for needy children. We also assisted the Auxiliary in preparing and distributing two hundred and fifty packages for the school children in the rural districts.

A service the squadron has continued, begun years ago, is assisting in the decoration of graves of all veterans of all wars in the many cemeteries around Charleston just preceding Memorial Day—graves of soldiers of the Revolution and all the other wars in which America has engaged. Each grave has its flag—the Stars and Stripes for the great majority and the Stars and Bars for those who served the South in the Civil War.

The squadron has its own baseball team of fifteen members, working under the coaching and supervision of one of the Legion fathers. We hope to compete with major teams of the junior league, although the majority of our team is composed of younger members.

The members of our squadron range in ages from twenty-three years down to one month old. The youngest member was enrolled as a Son of The American Legion when he was three hours old. The oldest member is married and has three children. He attends the meetings regularly and takes an active part in all that our squadron does. Our meetings are conducted strictly in accordance with the ritual given us by the national committee and national organization, and as the flags are advanced all members stand at attention and salute the colors.

We stand by the motto "United we stand, divided we fall," and we believe in "One for all, all for one." The ties that bring us together are in common with the ties of the Legion and we are as ready and willing to help our comrades as were our fathers in the World War. One outstanding example is that when one of our members became ill and was in need of a blood transfusion, three of his buddies reported to the hospital to give their blood for him.

Some of our members are very faithful in attending all of the meetings and can be depended upon when needed for any purpose. Some are inclined to neglect the regular meetings but turn out promptly when something special is to be done. A small feed will always get out a full attendance. But that is nothing new in organizations whether the membership be juniors or adults.

Perhaps membership in a Squadron of the Sons of The American Legion is a glamorous thing to some boys, but to the boy who enrolls for the purpose of accom-



plishing the aims and ideals set before him by The American Legion it is a more serious matter. Again this is nothing new. I have attended five national conventions of The American Legion and I have observed the actions and the accomplishments of the men who attend with a serious purpose, who work early and late. I have also observed the numbers who are in attendance in a holiday spirit, who parade, make whoopee and hunt Elmer. We, too, love a parade, and our Squadron had five of its charter members in the parade at the national convention at Chicago.

To the majority of our members, or those who have reached school age, mem-

bership in the Sons of The American Legion has a deeper meaning than parades and recreation. We realize that our membership entails certain obligations of carrying on as our parents and their forebears have carried on from the Revolution down to the present. We assert in our youth that we are willing to assume all obligations of our birthright, both civil and military.

Some time in the future—and may it be a distant one—our fathers of The American Legion will step aside for us as the members of the Grand Army of the Republic have deferred to them, and lay on our shoulders the mantle of responsibility and give to us the privilege of carrying on for God and Country.

## Femmes and Francs

(Continued from page 43)

beside the gate. Crouched on his heels, Sullivan froze. The shrubbery, for all its bare branches, concealed him somewhat; the night, too was on his side, for it was dark earth and not white wall behind him.

At length the newcomer moved again, three quick short steps forward, then he bent over, as if searching the ground. Once more he stepped out. His caution lessened in the intensity of his search.

Within a minute he was hunting desperately.

Sullivan leaned forward the better to watch, and as he did so, the slight motion conspired with the cramp in his cold legs to overbalance him and he reached out to catch himself with his right hand, which held his electric flash.

The end of the light struck a pebble and in the stillness made a clear small ringing sound. The prowler heard it too, and swung around quickly. Sullivan leaped up and the man began to run toward the gate. But Sullivan was there before him.

He flung himself upon the other, shouting: "Halt! Halt, I tell you!"

The pair went down and Sullivan, who fell atop, pressed the button of his flash. Its round beam lighted up the scared, mousey face of Lieutenant Munn.

"Get up, Lieutenant!" Sullivan bade, "and stick your hands straight up. I'll fan you for a gun. . . ."

Munn choked: "I've got no gun."

"Suppose you *wouldn't* have a second one," Sullivan said, and raised his voice. "Hi, Captain!" he shouted.

A light had flashed on in Wheat's room. The kitchen door opened, and Wheat was in the garden, fully dressed. Behind him ran Pierre, again carrying his trousers on his arm, and behind Pierre, near the kitchen door, Yvonne was calling: "What's happened?"

Sullivan dragged Munn to the kitchen, thrust him into a corner of the chimney bench and said: "Now what, Lieutenant?"

Munn covered his face with his hands and Wheat, who had lighted a candle, held it toward him and stared.

"Well, well!" Wheat cried. "What's it about?"

Sullivan laid the swagger stick on the kitchen table. "Cute little toad stabber," he remarked. "He dropped it when the captain run after him."

Wheat demanded: "That right, Munn? It was you looking in the window?"

Munn nodded and gulped. "I'll explain. . . ."

"Well, well! You! You killed poor Flandreau!"

"No!" Munn cried. "I was out there, but I didn't do it."

"It was your gun!" Wheat reminded him.

"But I didn't!" Munn persisted. "I'll tell you the truth! I was here, I admit."

"Come in here, Lieutenant," Sullivan motioned. "Want another parley voo alone with you."

Munn walked stiff-legged to the little dining room, hesitated in its entrance, then stepped in. Sullivan lighted the table lamp and shut the door. As he did so, he heard Wheat say from the kitchen:

"Get that stove going, one of you men. I'm cold."

Feet tramped through the hall. In the main room someone rattled the chains on the front door.

Munn stood motionless.

"Might as well sit down this time," Sullivan suggested.

But the lieutenant continued to stand, his head drooped forward. Outside, a door slammed. Somewhere Madame Banc was calling, "Yvonne, Yvonne!"

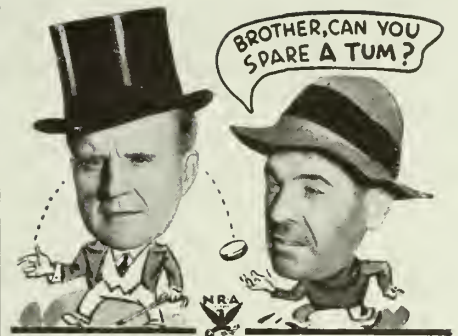
"Better sit down," Sullivan urged.

The lieutenant lifted his head. In the instant the window exploded. The flash of a gun showed red in the garden, the room roared, and Munn spun around twice.

He dropped forward across the table. Sullivan shouted . . . then stared, horrified. The back of the lieutenant's head was blown away.

Sullivan, yelling again, jerked open the door and ran into the outer room.

(To be concluded)



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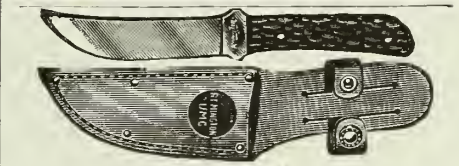
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### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

#### FINANCIAL STATEMENT

July 31, 1934

#### Assets

Cash.....	\$57,656.09
Notes and accounts receivable.....	29,349.16
Inventory of Emblem merchandise.....	29,782.48
Invested funds.....	700,406.30
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$530,833.15
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	177,387.17
Improved real estate.....	127,746.50
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....	36,983.49
Deferred charges.....	16,379.42
	1,706,523.76

#### Liabilities

Current liabilities.....	\$168,358.40
Funds restricted as to use.....	21,821.12
Irrevocable Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	177,387.17
Reserve for investment valuation.....	98,895.50
	466,462.19
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$700,405.30
Unrestricted capital:	
Capital surplus.....	157,718.62
Investment valuation surplus.....	\$381,937.65
	539,656.27
	1,240,061.57
	\$1,706,523.76

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

## Out of the Woods

(Continued from page 33)

probable arrival time at Balboa, Panama Legionnaires will meet them at the pier with cars and take them sightseeing," writes Department Adjutant Marcus H. Laevsky.

Atlanta (Georgia) Post will stage a big pre-convention celebration at Atlanta the afternoon and evening of Saturday October 20th for the benefit of convention-bound Legionnaires, reports Post Vice Commander George L. Baker. One thousand dollars in cash prizes will be awarded in a drum corps competition at Grant Field Stadium. It will be open to the Miami-bound corps and others. To make the contest attractive to corps wishing to preserve their best uniforms for the main contests in Miami, no points will be awarded for appearance, and judging will be on cadence, drill and music. All entries or correspondence may be addressed to Atlanta Post, The American Legion, 18½ Auburn Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.

Post Commander Ray W. Ogden of Bert Hodge Post of Palatka, Florida, urges traveling delegations and individual Legionnaires to include Palatka, which is not only headquarters city for the Department of Florida but also offers an outstanding attraction in its new Ravine Gardens, a natural formation beautified at a cost of \$250,000. Says Mr. Ogden: "It has seven miles of auto roads winding through ravines which have been planted with thousands of azaleas and other tropical plants. Everything is free. Watch for road signs pointing the way to Palatka."

Charles A. Mills, executive vice president of the Miami Convention Corporation, has announced exceptionally low round-trip rates for boat or airplane excursions to Havana during the convention period. The total cost of the trip by boat, by way of Key West, is \$24. The cost of the air trip is \$34.50.

Mr. Mills has issued a statement advising Legionnaires coming by train by way of Jacksonville to plan to arrive in Miami earlier than Monday morning, October 22d, owing to the possibility of railroad congestion and consequent delays in Jacksonville on Sunday night.

### Honoring the Mayos

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, President of the United States, in August joined with National Commander Edward A. Hayes and William T. McCoy Post in honoring on behalf of the entire American Legion Dr. Charles H. and Dr. William J. Mayo for their contributions to medical science and their work for disabled veterans of the World War.

While 40,000 persons gathered in Rochester, Minnesota, the seat of the famous Mayo Clinic, the President and the National Commander took part in a number of ceremonies, the most notable of which

was the presentation to the Mayo brothers of a bronze plaque as an expression of the Legion's appreciation. The President stopped in Rochester on his way back to Washington after his Pacific Ocean cruise. In his address at Soldiers Field, Mr. Roosevelt paid high tribute to the medical scientists. His words recalled the tribute paid to them by the National Executive Committee of The American Legion at its meeting last May when it adopted a resolution expressing appreciation of the services rendered World War veterans in the medical center at Rochester. National Commander Hayes and Michael F. Murray, Commander of the Minnesota Department, also praised the surgeons in addresses.

Leaving Rochester by plane to be present at the dedication of The American Legion's new building in Washington, National Commander Hayes helped establish a new flying speed record. His plane, a Vultee of a new type, covered the 950 miles from Rochester to Washington in four hours and fourteen minutes, an average speed of 224 miles an hour.

### Regular Army Legionnaires

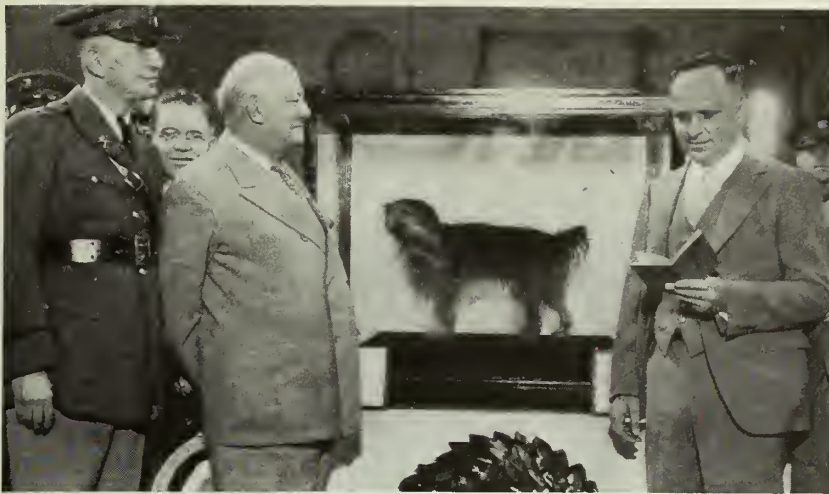
PROOF that the World War veterans who are still wearing Uncle Sam's uniform are almost solidly for The American Legion is given by the membership record of Fort Bliss (Texas) Post composed of Regular Army officers and enlisted men stationed at the Texas camp of wartime memories. Post Historian Herbert C. George sends word that his outfit has won eight national citations for enrolling members early in each of the past two years and for other membership achievements.

Early this year Past Post Commander Mark L. Ireland prepared a list of fifteen reasons for being a Legionnaire entitled "Why The Regular Army Veteran Should Join The American Legion." The post has actively championed a proposal for the establishment of a national military cemetery in the West Texas district, has advocated passage of "an adequate increased pay act to relieve the Army and other federal branches of government services of the constant menace of debt and anxiety," has furthered the Legion's national defense program and has engaged in many community betterment projects.

### The Big Fire of 1934

IF NOTHING else happens, Chicago Stock Yards Post of The American Legion will show up at the Miami national convention. But it has been a tough job for the post this summer, what with finding new quarters, getting new band uniforms and instruments and doing a lot of other things. For Stock Yards Post had a fire. Its fire was an incident in the biggest fire Chicago has known since the big fire of





Past National Commander Milton J. Foreman and other members of the 122d Field Artillery, which General Foreman commanded in the A. E. F., honor Goldberg, the outfit's mascot for sixteen years. Veterans of the battery presented the stuffed figure of the mascot to the present battery at ceremonies held in its Chicago armory

1871. It was on a Saturday in late spring when a blaze, starting in the tinder-like wood of cattle pens at 45th and Morgan Streets, became a conflagration which swept an area of two square miles and caused a financial loss of \$10,000,000.

District Commander Russell J. O'Brien sends word of the work done by Stock Yards Post to save cattle, hogs, and sheep which were in the path of the flames. A dozen Legionnaires were in the post clubhouse at 11 Dexter Park when the fire started, many blocks distant. They succeeded in driving to safety 1,000 cattle, 5,000 hogs and 1,200 sheep. But so quickly did the flames travel that while they were carrying on their humanitarian efforts the post clubhouse was destroyed, and with it the equipment and uniforms of the outfit's sixty-piece kilty band. A miniature French locomotive and boxcar of the Forty and Eight burned also.

Legionnaires of Stock Yards Post and other Chicago posts answered a radio call for Legion volunteers to help police control the crowds which watched the fire for two days. Governor Henry Horner and Mayor Edward J. Kelly wrote letters of appreciation to Commander James P. Feeney of Stock Yards Post.

### To Fidac's Congress

PAST National Commander Louis Johnson of Clarksburg, West Virginia, made known in August the delegates who will represent The American Legion at the 1934 Congress of Fidac, in London, September 23d to 29th. Besides Mr. Johnson, American Vice President for Fidac, the delegates are: Reverend Robert J. White of Washington, D. C., National Chaplain of The American Legion and American Vice President of Fidac for 1935; Charles Hann, Jr., Nathaniel Spear, Jr., Gustave Porges, Mrs. Julia Wheelock and General John J. Byrne of New York City; Miss Alice S. Gray of Winston-Salem, North

Carolina; Albert L. McLain of East Liverpool, Ohio, and James L. McCann of Paris, Past Commander of the Department of France. Mrs. Nathaniel Spear, Jr., will be a delegate to the Congress of Fidac's Auxiliary.

### From the Pony Express

THE buffalo that grazed on the hillsides above the Platte River were startled by a galloping horseman. A band of Sioux Indians observed the horseman too, wondered what prizes his saddlebags held. It was in 1854.

Today the buffalo are gone, and so are most of the Sioux. But there still exists, thanks to Gothenburg (Nebraska) Post of The American Legion a realistic reminder of the days when the United States mail was carried over western prairies not in railroad trains, not in airplanes, but on the backs of fast horses.

The last of the relay riders of Nebraska's Pony Express, the Oregon Trail, the route by which eastern mail reached the Pacific Coast, died only a year or two ago, but today's generations may look upon a public memorial and American Legion clubhouse which recalls the glory of the pony express. Gothenburg Post moved from its original site, log by log, the pony express station built in 1854, set the building in the center of its town. The post meets in it regularly. A bronze tablet explains its history.

### The Legion in Copenhagen

COMMANDER Carl W. Frandsen of Copenhagen (Denmark) Post reports to National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel that the post feels indebted to Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, American Minister to Denmark, for her part in the post's Memorial Day exercises. Mrs. Owen gave an address at services in a Copenhagen cemetery attended (Continued on page 64)

### "I'm not Rich— but I'm getting a lot out of Life

And I always will. My John Hancock Retirement Annuity is seeing to that. It takes just a small part of my pay-check now and when I'm ready to retire, it will give me a definite income as long as I live."

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### 8 INCHES OFF WAISTLINE

"Director Belt reduced my waistline from 42 to 34 inches. I feel 10 years younger. Constipation gone—no tired, bloated feeling after meals."—G. NEWTON, Troy, N. Y.

Director Belt instantly improves your appearance, puts snap in your step, relieves "shortness of breath," restores YOUR VIGOR as fat vanishes.

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. Gentle massage-like action increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without use of harsh, irritating cathartics. You look and feel years younger.

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EASY WAY  
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# TO WIVES OF VETERANS



If you don't want hubby (and his buddies) to start the war all over again—and go reminiscing and laughing far into the night—KEEP THIS BOOK OUT OF HIS SIGHT.

Better still—tear this ad out of the magazine before he sees it.

Because, if you're tired of hearing about the war—the funny side of it, we mean—you'll be sorry if he once gets hold of this bundle of belly laughs. There's nothing like it for stirring up the old war memories.

Here are ALL the WALLY cartoons that kept the A.E.F. laughing during the war. Reprinted from the Stars & Stripes. Complete in one volume with inflammatory introductions by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT and JOHN T. WINTERICH.

Not only a real souvenir de la guerre—but a fine gift book—and sure fire with the kiddies—for Xmas.

## HERE'S HOW—MAIL TODAY!

LEGION BOOK SERVICE  
THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Please send me one book of WALLY'S cartoons for the \$1.50 enclosed.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

# Out of the Woods

(Continued from page 63)

by sixteen members of the post, a color guard from the U. S. S. New Orleans with many of the ship's officers and crew, the American consul-general and many American residents of Copenhagen. These services were held during the post's tour of all Danish cemeteries in which American veterans are buried, and through the help of the Legion's Overseas Graves Decoration Fund wreaths were placed upon forty-three graves. Mrs. Owen and other Americans accompanied the Legionnaires to five cemeteries in the capital. Mrs. Owen and M. Leaf, President of the American Club, presented to the post a new American Legion banner.

## Among the Gold Mines

RALPH WILKINS POST of Idaho Springs, Colorado, sets an example to posts everywhere by preparing for a day when disaster might come in the gold and silver mines in the hills about its home. Under the direction of a post member, Charles Clark, a former United States Bureau of Mines instructor, the post has conducted classes in mining first aid which have graduated more than 100 persons since October, 1933, each of whom has received a standard first-aid certificate from the Government bureau. The post furnishes all the equipment for the courses which require sixteen hours of instruction. Twenty-seven women composed the class which received certificates last March, the only women's class of its kind, according to Legionnaire Milard M. Rice.

## In British Columbia

WHEN James M. Green of Vancouver, British Columbia, conceived the idea that American veterans of the World War living in his section of Canada were more numerous than most folks imagined he announced in a local newspaper the plan to establish a new post of The American Legion. The result was letters from more than one hundred former service men of Uncle Sam, the formation of North West Post with thirty members.

"With the assistance of Albert J. Hamilton Post of Bellingham, Washington, we initiated nineteen candidates at ceremonies held in the ballroom of the Hotel Georgia," writes Post Commander Green. "As I write, we have ten more waiting to be initiated. Incidentally, as one of its activities the post will assist Legionnaires traveling in this part of Canada by furnishing needful information. Write us at 785 Hornby Street, Vancouver, British Columbia."

## Not Due to Service

HOW many American Legion posts have made it easy for their members to undergo physical examinations, not for

the purpose of initiating claims against the Government but to halt incipient ailments, which if permitted to go unchecked, will shorten life? The question is raised by Legionnaire A. A. Thorum of Hellam, Pennsylvania, who discusses as a physician the onset of the diseases of middle age.

"These years now find average veterans between thirty-five and forty-five," writes Mr. Thorum. "The waistline requires a longer belt, steps are mounted by ones and not by twos, midnight lunches exact their toll, neglected foci of infection have damaged the kidneys and with vanishing pride the forehead becomes larger.

"Mr. Veteran notes with foreboding these advancing deteriorations. The American Legion through its numerous posts could well sponsor periodic health examinations for its members. Almost every post has a physician member who would gratuitously offer this service. Alarming symptoms as they arise could be taken in hand and at least the sufferer could be convinced that his present ailment has no service connection whatever . . ."

## Roll Call

DAN EDWARDS, one of the most widely known of the men who won the Medal of Honor in the war, is a member of Advertising Post of New York City . . . Warren H. Stutler, Commander of the Squadron of the Sons of The American Legion attached to John Brawley Post, Charleston, West Virginia, is the son of Boyd B. Stutler, Assistant Director of the Legion's National Publicity Division, who has accompanied National Commander Hayes on his 1934 visits to Departments throughout the country . . . Karl W. Detzer is a member of Bowen-Holiday Post of Traverse City, Michigan, and V. E. Pyles, who illustrated Mr. Detzer's story, is a member of 107th Infantry Post of New York City . . . George (Potsy) Clark belongs to Philip Hartzell Post, Carthage, Illinois . . . Past National Commander James A. Drain is a member of Spokane (Washington) Post . . . Frederick Palmer belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Samuel Taylor Moore is a member of Aviators Post of New York City, and William Heaslip, who made the decorations for Mr. Moore's story, is a member of 107th Infantry Post of New York City . . . Charles F. Ely, Chairman of the Legion's National Law and Order Committee, is a member of Westfield (Massachusetts) Post . . . Carl C. Brown, who compiled the special section on Federal Rights and Benefits included in this issue, is National Service Officer of The American Legion and is a member of Alexandria (Virginia) Post . . . Charles Phelps Cushing belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. PHILIP VON BLON



# "IT WAS BACK IN '65"



**N**O year in history is quite so momentous to these old soldiers as 1865.

It marked the end of a great war, the re-birth of a nation. And it marked, too, their first acquaintance with a whiskey that has been their friend and comrade ever since. *Paul Jones Whiskey!*

*For it was back in '65 that this whiskey first sparkled into a glass. And it's been the increasing choice of connoisseurs ever since.*

Today, it's made as it was in the old days — from the finest, aged-in-the-wood, hand-made whiskies. *No tricks!* And it's made today by the same company that first produced it four generations ago. *Frankfort!*

To know how great a whiskey tradition and skill like this can produce, get a bottle of Paul Jones. Compare it with other whiskies *in mellow flavor, in its genial, old-fashioned smoothness, in its absence of headaches.*

Paul Jones is bottled *only* in full pints and quarts, and comes sealed in the exclusive Frankfort Pack, a tin-top-and-bottom carton that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book" — written in the inimitable style of the famous Paducah Colonel — is now ready for distribution. Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy. Address Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville, Kentucky.



## PAUL JONES WHISKEY

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Three other famous  
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**FOUR ROSES**

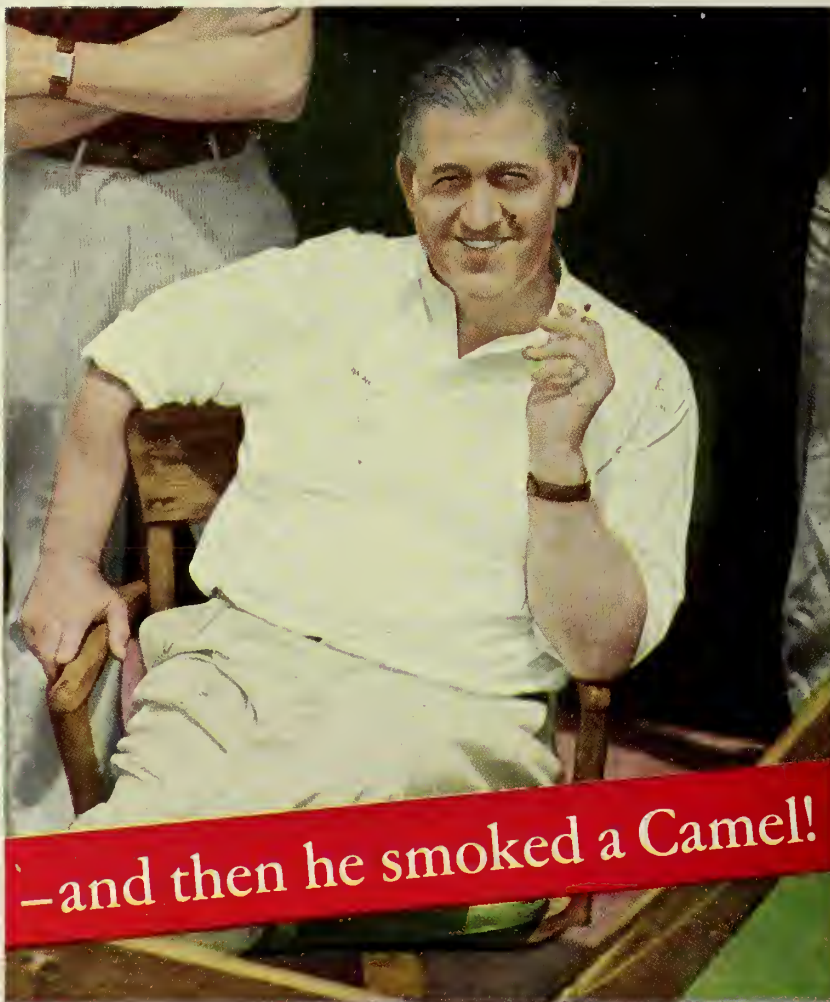
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Old Oscar Pepper







*Energy used up*



*—and then he smoked a Camel!*

*FROM LONG KEY TO NOVA SCOTIA, the famous sportsman and writer, REX BEACH, has matched his skill and vitality against the big game fish of the Atlantic! Below he tells how he lights a Camel after fighting it out with a heavy fish — and soon "feels as good as new."*

## REX BEACH EXPLAINS

### how to get back vim and energy when "Played Out"

"Any sportsman who matches his stamina against the fighting strength of a big game fish," says Rex Beach, "has to put out a tremendous amount of energy before he lands his fish. When I've gotten a big fellow safely landed my next move is to light a Camel, and I feel as good as new. A Camel quickly gives me

a sense of well-being and renewed energy. As a steady smoker, I have also learned that Camels do not interfere with healthy nerves."

Thousands of smokers will recognize from their own experience what Mr. Beach means when he says that he lights a Camel when tired and "feels as good as new."

And science adds confirmation of this refreshing "energizing effect."

That's why you hear people say so often: "Get a lift with a Camel." Camels aren't flat or "sweetish." Their flavor never disappoints. Smoke Camels steadily—their finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS do not get on the nerves!

**CAMEL'S**  
**Costlier Tobaccos**  
**never get on**  
**your Nerves**



Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

**"Get a LIFT**  
**with a Camel!"**

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